THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## ANYWHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She was old, and wan, and wrinkled,
Though her pallid cheek was fair,
And the snows of sixty winters
Lightly touched her soft brown hair,
Yet if in those lands immortal
She doth youth and beauty wear;
And the sunny hues of girlhood
Tint anew her eyes and hair,
Still I know that I should know her,
I should know her anywhere!

Shall I dwell in mournful waiting,
Mother, for thee "Over There,"
While God's blessed angels daily
Wander down the shining stair?
Round and sweet I know your lips are,
Kindled by that radiant air—
Oh! the sad and tender patience
Of the smile they need to wear!
I should know your kisses, Mother,
I should know them, anywhere!

Should you touch me, e'er so lightly,
As returning spirits dare;
And your spirit-hand should linger
E'er so softly on my hair;
Hands, dear hands, by death made over,
No more wrinkled, wan and spare,
Hands which I have kissed so fondly,
Darling hands so used to care!
I should know your touch, dear Mother,
I should know it—anywhere!

Had I been the first to wander
From Earth's dust, and dim, and glare—
Thrilling thro' my ills new splendor—
I should still have felt your prayer;
And if spirit hands could do it,
Pausing not to think or care—
I should rend the veil that hid you,
And with you my glory share.
Oh, my Mother! darling Mother!
I should love you *anywhere!*

*Lytle City, Ia.* MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

# WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

## The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

### CHAPTER IX.

LASSOING.

Near midnight, while Kate was on her embassy to the fort, while the listening, fearful settlers were on the watch in the huge, log out-building belonging to Mr. Burke, while every eye was strained in the darkness until obliging shadows took upon themselves the outline and capabilities of sentient things and swam or pranced through space, and the hearts' hard beating with the responsive arteries in the ears made one whisper to another that there *were* hoof-beats on the plain, there came a solitary man walking into the settlement—or Burketon, as the place had been christened. Walking unconsciously past the garrisoned out-building, where a dozen muskets held, in part, by careful men's hands, in part by the careless fingers of boys, covered his approach, he was not a trifle astonished to hear a sonorous "Halt!" coming to him from somewhere thereabouts, although whether from ridge-pole or the under-pinning, he could not at first decide.

However, he considered it prudent to obey the command, and divining that the voice belonged to a man of his own complexion, he did not instinctively dodge behind a shelter.

"Who goes there?" was the second challenge, without the first one having been answered.

"A friend."

"Not sure of that in the darkness?"

"Ho, now, Jim," retorted the new-comer, "none of your nonsense; you just leave Burke's hen-roost alone, and come outside."

"Cap'n Vance!" they say to each other, "What a God-send," and they come out, and one after another clasp him by the hand and swing his arm until they threaten dislocation of the shoulder.

Then hurried questions and explanations follow.

"No," said Captain Dave, "not to-night; they've swung to the East—Grouchy is hard to catch."

"To the east—great Heaven—my girl—Kate, may encounter them on her return from the fort."

"Which route did she take?—the upper or lower trail?"

"I do not know—most likely the upper, as it is nearer that way."

"Two of us better ride out to meet her," said one of the men.

"No, depend upon it, General D—— will send a detachment of troops along with her."

"Certainly," they all agreed.

But the hours passed by while they watched and waited, and faint streaks of morning light appeared along the east. Grateful for their preservation, the different families wended their way out from the log building, but yet did not choose to separate, and return to their several domiciles. Finally, in half an hour they found themselves grouped upon the balcony of Mr. Burke's house, too anxious for the safe arrival of the brave girl who had risked so much for them, to think of occupying themselves otherwise than in looking for her return.

Captain Vance's mare, which he had left a half mile out from the settlement to crop the rank grass, now came trotting along the well-known path toward Mr. Burke's stable.

Harry had said something about going to let her into the stall, when all present were electrified by a fierce ejaculation bursting from Captain Dave's lips as he sprang upon the window-sill above, and supporting himself by a grasp on the casing, looked eagerly to the southward.

"Ha!" he shouted, as another object crossed his range of vision, "yonder's your girl, closely followed by a red devil!" With this he leaped from the balcony, flung himself upon the mare's back, and with a yell wilder and fiercer than ever rang from a Comanche's throat, with head stretched over the neck of his horse to get the first glimpse of the two figures when they should rise upon the

WERTZAL, THE SCOUT, DISCOVERS AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

second elevation—on the first one of which he had caught a glimpse of the flying forms in the gray light of morning—he flew along the plain, uttering presently another yell that shot the black mare ahead like an arrow.

Harry Burke and two others, as soon as mortal hands could accomplish the feat, had run their animals out of the building where they had stood ready saddled all night, and rushed headlong to the rescue. But Captain Vance rode too fiery and well-trained a horse, and had chased too many wild cattle in Texas, and wilder savages on the plains, to allow a common hunter to come up with him.

He made no sound after the second yell, finding that the savage was too intent upon his prey to perceive that a winged dragon was bearing down upon him with the irresistible force of a tornado.

Again and again, the red fiend, swinging up the bent ash, had sent the arrows after the dauntless girl. But Kate's steady nerve held her life in charmed security. With a face blanched to the hue of death, and her long black hair drifting in the wind, she sat perfectly still and not a muscle of the hands holding the bridle-rein jerked or quivered. She called out once or twice, "Now, now Daisy," as the delicate limbs gathered close for leaping some hollow or ravine—but there was more than three miles between her and the settlement, and for four or more miles now the horse had borne her at this dreadful pace, until every breath of the terrified beast was audible to the girl's agonized ears.

She could hear the devilish, guttural sounds made by the Sioux to his steed, and to die thus, and so near safety, oh!—yet she hugged her seat and held her reins with fingers of steel.

With a wild, ringing yell known only to the borderers, Captain Vance discharged his rifle at the savage and dashed between him and his intended victim. It was just before this moment that old Wertzal had found sight and senses fail him.

Kate and her steed sped on toward the settlement, while the Sioux, apparently unwounded, wheeled upon perceiving the new features in the case, and scoured wildly over the prairie. Now commenced one of the fiercest, strongest, most exciting pursuits that ever the hunters had witnessed. Following at their best paces they kept the advance parties in sight, whilst Kate, in a little time sprang into her father's arms, and burst into a paroxysm of wild emotion, in which she was heartily joined by the women of the settlement. Explanations soon followed, and her remarkable escape was looked upon as a direct interposition of divine Providence. Meanwhile, upon the plains, that wild pursuit was going on. The horse of the savage, not being fresh, was no match for the vicious black mare ridden by Vance. It was evident that Captain Dave was intent upon the capture of the Sioux, and it was his apparent method of capture that drew the excited pioneers out farther and farther upon the prairie.

While in Texas, Vance had become an expert with the lasso, and he always carried his lariat coiled over the pommel of his saddle. After discharging his rifle he had abandoned the weapon, caught his lariat upon his arm, and mended his pace into such a fierce run that the hunters grew hot and then cold as they watched the play of the mare's heels. Finding that they were being so far out-distanced, they drew up on an elevation and watched the race.

The savage swung his arms now in good earnest, but Vance was rapidly gaining upon him, and, directly rising in his stirrups, he swung the coil around and around above his own head; then suddenly swooping forward, he hurled the lasso with unerring aim. It scurried about like a living thing, and dropped its noose over the savage's head and about his shoulders.

The mare at the moment of her master's hurling the formidable trap, halted her pace suddenly, drummed a quickstep in the air with her forward feet, and settled back; consequently, as the rope ran out its length, the warrior was jerked sprawling upon the plain.

Vance slid from his mare's back; while, with braced feet, she prepared, if need be, to resist the strength of a buffalo. Then, before the Sioux could manage to free even one of his arms, the set face of the border-hero was near him; a deadly fire burning in his black eyes; a remembrance of a score of outrages and brutal murders nerving his arm, and that individual brave of the Sioux tribe never again worried the white settlers of the border with his famous little hatchet.

### CHAPTER X.

INDIAN ROMANCE.

A fierce and terrible encounter ensued between Emily Armstrong's half-breed captor and the party of warriors whose scout had discovered him and been killed nearly as soon as the war-whoop had left his throat. Before the conflict had been decided in the capture of the renegade, two other braves, besides the first, had been furnished with "tickets of leave" by the heavy pistols of the assailed. But at length he was captured, thrown upon the ground, and bound with thongs of green, buffalo hide. Though he was wounded in several places, the infuriated chiefs did not brain and scalp him on the spot, as they had another programme in view, which was a bonfire and social hop. They reserved him for the torture of the stake.

Emily, palsied with the horrors of her situation, and the terrible fight going on around, felt herself slowly but surely going mad. The fierce antics of the horribly painted fiends during the struggle, seemed to her hot brain like the wild whirling of odd human kaleidoscopes.

Her blue eyes, and wonderful mass of wavy, yellow hair had caught the eye of the Sioux chief, and he had conveyed her to the back of one of the steeds, whose saddle was emptied by the desperate courage of the renegade; and albeit romancers are not in the habit of giving Indian soliloquies, it is time they should; and we begin by assuring the reader that No-po-cah-wa, alias the Wolf, pictured the yellow-haired beauty as already under his own lodge-pole and buffalo tent, decked out in a gaudy red petticoat and moccasins, cooking his meat, and splitting his kindling, and lighting his pipe.

Every time the hideous being looked toward her with his small eyes encircled with huge rings of red ochre, his high cheek bones blotched with black, and his nose with dots of yellow, she, with the coming fever madness burning in her brain, and believing herself watching the mirage of a dream, found the greatest difficulty in restraining peals of laughter; and when the chief, quite unmindful of the stark remains following him, which would elicit such wild wails at the lodges a little farther on, indulging in his pleasing anticipations of the future, whooped and flourished his arms and lashed his horse into some odd curvettes, she broke out into a peal of insane merriment that restored the warrior to his vaunted dignity, and brought the half-breed around in surprise.

"Oh, Dick," she went on half-inaudibly, and with partly closed eyes, "I wouldn't act so long, it seems too real, and you know it won't change my purpose."

Her remarks were applauded by a round of grunts from the chief, although we suggest the likelihood that he didn't understand what she said.

From that moment, for weeks, her surroundings were wholly unreal to her. The horrors of her situation, added to the exposure of resting upon the damp ground, had induced brain fever. In this condition she was unconscious of her reception at the lodges of the savages, and of the wailings of the women over their dead, and of the fierce preparations for torturing the half-breed in a roaring pitch-wood fire.

An old squaw, with a face the color and dimensions of a smoked ham—in fact, the mother of the chief who had taken possession of Emily, took her into her own wigwam and made decoctions of herbs, which raced after the fever in every vein of her body, and in the end killed it entire.

But while she tossed in delirium upon the pile of buffalo skins amidst her no-wise savory surroundings, many things were transpiring in other places that could she have been conscious and known of, would have disturbed her soul with many emotions: Richard Marsh, left to so terrible a fate by the unfortunate termination of Wertzal's quest of succor, was fortunately picked up the next day by a party of hunters, and carried with them along the route, until opportunity offered for leaving him at a military outpost, where his wounds could be attended to. Wertzal himself, by the sagacity of Quirky, was brought under the notice of Captain Dave on his journey from the settlement, after his lassoing the red-skin, to the fort. Vance, suspecting the butchery to be the work of Grouchy, was only too glad to feel a feeble pulse in the old scout's wrist, but from the appearance of the veteran, and the number of his wounds, Captain Dave felt like echoing the old fellow's soliloquy, "Done to, this time, sure."

But a month in comfortable quarters with good care, added to the old scout's temperate and moral system, brought the lips of his wounds together and healed them fair and square, leaving only white scars running parallel with many a former seam, while he, not the least particle disgusted with his trade, took the trail again.

Soon after a party of traders secured his services to lead them among the wild passes of the Rocky Mountains to ferret out those wandering and depopulated savages who have sunk from the position of warriors, (owing to poverty and feeble numbers making them the prey of the fierce and more powerful tribes), to the peaceable occupation of fur trappers. With these Indians the traders calculated to make remunerative traffic, exchanging blankets, knives, beads and countless other notions for peltries. The party was composed mostly of young, inexperienced young fellows, who thought only of profit and adventure, and realized nothing of the danger and death that might follow inch by inch with them every step of the route. Yet there were a sufficient number of veteran trappers, traders and scouts to ensure medium success in the enterprise.

"Boys," remarked Wertzal on the morning when, the entire party having come up, they broke camp and started the train, "we're to be sum'at keerful in our exquirsions and diversities, as this ere train will be as prominent to Injin eyes as a comio to the astronimors, and we may find it diffikilt not to trade skins, leastwise head-rivers, long afore we git our feet inter the into-stickses of the rocky range. I purpose to scrummage about the forrard quarters of the experdition, and shell vote fer open eyes and ears."

All agreed to adopt Wertzal's advice, and in good spirits the party moved forward. We purpose to follow them. For the first few days they travelled onward without any great precautions, deeming their proximity to the settlements ample protection; but they posted reliable watchers at night, and their mounted scouts went on ahead and branched off at either side to discover if there were any traces of a lurking foe. As they advanced farther out they sighted numerous herds of buffalo, and having started with the intention of living for the most part upon fresh game, small parties scoured off by themselves for a shot at the unwieldly animals.

Returning at nightfall to the main body with perhaps two or three fat denizens of the plain dragging at their saddle bows, they commenced a season of wild feasting, in which toasts, roasts and boasts were hashed promiscuously together. It was a most picturesque scene. The roaring camp-fire, made of faggots and dry refuse matter obtained on every hand, sent up jets of flame whose pointed unevenness made them represent flame-colored icebergs drifting amid billows of variegated hues. The appetizing odor of the roasting venison gave zest to the preparations for the evening meal; after which each individual member did what he could in the way of making a smoke-stack of himself, and rough jokes and hair-breadth escapes were exchanged until the time for camping down.

Five days out from the fort, as previously arranged, they were joined by Captain Dave, who proposed following along with the expedition, much to the delight of the majority of the party. That certain persons in the camp did not care for his companionship the sequence will show.

Captain Vance had a purpose, of course, in joining the enterprise, but of this he said nothing to any one.

Several days after the party was joined by the new recruit, they came toward the vicinity of the Black Hills, and all felt that the greatest vigilance was necessary. In the wild ravines and chasms of this range—or somewhat mountainous belt—there lurked many a remnant of fierce tribes; and too often these fastnesses proved the redoubtable earthworks of mongrel breeds of men who, outlawed from Christianized humanity, sought refuge amid the hills, and from thence scoured out in quest of prey with all the fierceness characteristic of wild beasts.

On the party's first night's camping in this vicinity, they felt obliged to take every possible precaution against surprise. Two of their number had been absent from the main party two days already, going in quest of game, and also to reconnoitre, but their continued stay caused the entire party much uneasiness; different minds conjecturing different reasons for the absence. Having a good quantity of dry venison, they did not deem it expedient, while in their present locality, to hunt for fresh game, and contented themselves with devouring the spoils of other forayings. They were encamped in a green and beautiful valley, opening its verdurous length to the South and West. Here the horses grazed, and from a mountain stream drank their fill of pure, cool water.

The day had been one of unusual warmth for the season—a still, dead, suffocating air, too dense to allow the lungs an easy play—and divers had been the comments upon the matter.

"Boys," said Wertzal, "we're gwine to get a storm. D'ye see them pillars of cloud that's shot up sence noon? How they've stood up for hours like statoots, but now hev got thar caps off, an' are headin' this way at a purty smart pace? Look thar, an' see 'em twist. Strikes me enything as would damage by dampness better be tucked under the bed, er sumwhar. I've been among this eastern sea-airy, and when them ar geenerseye, as the old saw-nps tell on, get thar guns limbered among the Black Hills, they know thunder over the valleys. Yes, sir; we're goin' to get fresh air afore many hours, an' it 'll be proper likely to come in doses too 'ig to swaller ter onct. It's a spookey hole hereabouts. The stories the Injuns tell ain't eggstatic, an' my own romanessences of the locality tend to show that the leg-ends have an unpleasant finish."

"No doubt," returned Captain Dave, with a mischievous wink to his nearest neighbor; "I don't like the *leg-ends* of such a place—they're likely to bring us trouble; but the storm is close upon us."

This fact was patent even to the inexperienced vision, and although the younger members of the party delighted to listen to old Wertzal's unconscious play upon long words—words which he delighted in, although, unhappily for the queen's English, he used them by sound rather than sense, yet there were other matters needing attention. The carts were immediately backed into a sheltered locality, the horses brought up, and everything made as secure as possible.

Meanwhile, the sky had assumed a most portentous and frightful aspect. Although not yet sundown, a sudden darkness like a pall enveloped the earth; patches of lurid light showed between billows of purple vapor.

"Hark!" called out an old border veteran. "D'ye hear that?" A hollow roar like the echo of distant falls reached their ears. "Look at the horses—take care, youngsters—this way, this way—not to the leeward side of the animals—come round to face the music—every one of 'em will break their fastening."

"What is it?" gasped a young, petty fort officer, who had joined the expedition "for the fun" of it, and so that he could send a trifle of *brag* in his letters to his friends in the east.

"*Tornado! tornado!*" yelled old Wertzal. "Out from under the carts, yer fort-head dummies, they'll be onto yer and mash yer pumpkins in a minnit. Here! here!—away from the horses, and the wagons—down on yer faces—git hold er the grass and hold hard—her-r-r-r-st!"

The entire party threw themselves prostrate; the horses, with bursting eyeballs, and wild neighings broke from their fastenings and fled before the hurricane.

With a deafening, indescribable roar, with heavy detonations somewhere in its breadth and depth, with elastic sheets of lightning and thunderbolts that rended to destruction everything smitten, and hailstones larger than acorns, and rattling, bursting thunderpeals, the dreadful tornado swept toward the party of hunters. But when every nerve was braced for the shock; when the roughest and most heedless of the party had involuntarily uttered a "God have mercy!" their ears, their brains, their heartstrings recoiled from a cry, a wild, fierce, prolonged cry, which seemed to issue from the very bowels of the terrible storm. It was like nothing earthly—for two voices were blended in one, winding and twisting together, the fiercer with the deeper; and while the strongest nerves quivered in spite of the will, with another blood-curdling yell the phantom burst amongst and over the prostrate camp, being actually the van rider of the tornado.

The roar of the passing storm did not drown the echoes which the Black Hills returned to the ghostly calls.

A few moments—and the silence that followed for the time being was as painful to the overwrought nerves as the previous uproar had been—then there was nothing unusual to be heard—only the mournful echoes of suddenly swollen rivulets that poured their thread-like torrents over some beetling crag, and the murmur of the shrubs and grasses.

Slowly the party of traders came to their feet, as if afraid that they might still meet some opposing force, and looked about them. Not a horse was to be seen, and their capsized vehicles presented a forlorn and demoralized appearance. Many of the lighter commodities, with an eye to futurity, had taken upon themselves to illustrate the to be modern song of "Up in a balloon, boys," and were in all human probability "kiting 'round the moon."

However, the goods, at present were only of secondary consideration, the first sensation being the startling apparition that had appeared to them. Those few who had caught a glimpse of it as it passed over and among them differed hugely in description.

"It struck me as presenting the outline of a huge toad," affirmed one, "nothing else affords a comparison. The hips of a toad hugged the spine of that demon steed; the long arms of a toad beat the air in wild disorder, the head of a toad sat on the broad toad shoulders."

"Very good for a toad," said Wertzal; "so far everything agrees with a toad, but Brette, how about the singing? Did the thing trill like a toad?—if so, the toad has inlarged his chucks sence I knowed him, an' he's an unlimited amount of wind in his gizzard. Depend on it, Brette, the singin' leaves a gap by the tode. Now, I think, with due solemnity, that it was the devil: it looked like him; it rode like him; and it sung like him; leastwise, accordin' to descriptions of hisself as given by them as say they've seed him. Howsumdever, we'd better pipe up them 'ar horses, while sum on us looks to the rehecks, half on 'em's on thar backs with all four feet in the air, an' as these ere disasters generally are paired, it might be well to keep the weather eye out for pitch-wigs. This here country round about ain't well settled, they'ar mongril, Injin an' horse growed makin', as the sum of you fort fellows say who wear biled rags, the scanters," (centaur, he doubtless meant) "of the perarie." However, hed thar been any party prowlin' to the sou'-west of us, they must hev, of necessity been blowed strait inter our camp."

After each individual had given his particular opinion concerning the phantom, they set about righting their wagons, while Captain Vance, Brette and Wertzal started in quest of the deserting horses. "They've scarried into some ravine not far off," remarked Dave. "My mare is familiar with these tempestuous outbursts of the elements and knows where to seek shelter, and I noticed that she led off."

Captain Vance proved correct in his theory, for in less than an hour, his whistle was answered by Jet, and the whole number of horses was found huddled in a sort of sheltered cavern, from which, without difficulty, they were brought back to camp.

A beautiful, mellow sky beamed forth before midnight, and posting sentinels, the camp retired to obtain a needful season of repose.

### CHAPTER XI.

TREACHERY.

During the day following the tornado, the the party looked eagerly for the return of the missing men; but as time wore on and they did not come back, the most dismal imaginings as to their whereabouts disturbed their companion's minds. Captain Vance came to wear a hard, disagreeable expression about the lips as he alone, perhaps of them all, realized the full significance of what the men's absence might portend.

At the place where they rested at noon, they left, well aware of the danger that it might incur to themselves, a signal fire burning, in hopes that their lost comrades might sight the column of smoke in the clear atmosphere and thus be guided to their trail.

Soon after noon a temporary alarm was felt by one of the scouts, who, from an eminence, discovered a party of Indians scouring the plain to the southwest of them, making, also, toward a spur of the mountains,

But they evidently were unaware of the proximity of the white men, and, as near as could be made out, had been stampeding horses from the Foxes or some weaker tribe of the plain.

This assured the traders that great caution was now necessary in every movement, for it would be galling, when nearing their destination, to find themselves plundered of their goods, let alone the little unpleasantness arising from a chance capture of themselves by the freebooters of the prairie.

It was somewhat late in the evening following that of the tornado before they pitched upon a good site for encamping; and unusual precautions were taken to guard against surprise. Nothing disturbed the sentinels, however, except the snorting of the horses about midnight, but the alarm was, without doubt, owing to some prowling grizzly bear or other wild beast, which lacked courage to invade the camp.

When moving forward in the morning, they again kindled a large signal-fire in the hope of luring back the stragglers. This day's journey would bring them somewhere near the vicinity of those fragmentary and wandering tribes with whom they expected to traffic. Scouts moved cautiously in all directions, and the younger and inexperienced portion of the party were jubilating on the prospect of escaping all the horrors of Indian warfare on the plains. The older ones moderated their spirits by assuring them that up to the present time they had not been in a dangerous place.

Some time past noon a mounted scout dashed into camp in the wildest manner, bringing information that a large body of warriors were crossing the plain in such a direction as would unavoidably bring the train under their murderous eyes. He said that it was a war-party, numbering something like two hundred braves. That they were returning from a victorious onslaught upon some weaker tribe was evident by their boisterousness (quite in contradistinction to the traditional stoicism of the savage,) and the number of scalps mounted upon poles. Flipping the black, streaming hair of the hideous objects over their heads, they whooped and yelped in a manner to do credit to a horde of satyrs.

The camp was instantly filled with consternation, and those very heroic youngsters who had the loudest boasted what they would do on a similar occasion, now presented a bleached appearance about the gills, and wished themselves inside the fort again. They massed their forces and waited. An hour passed in painful suspense, and as it was not deemed advisable to attempt moving on, being sure to discover themselves in ascending an eminence a little ways before them, they drew the horses to the centre, and brought boxes and wagons up as fortifications. Another hour passing without interruption, a scout ventured to warily ascend one of the round knob-like hills to reconnoitre. No moving thing was visible—not the tuft of an Indian; everything had vanished like a mirage of the plains.

Baffled, and ill at ease, Bratte, the scout, held his position for some time, but without different results.

"They can't have ridden beyond the range of vision," remarked the man who had given the alarm.

"It means ambush," put in Captain Dave, "either some stealthy scout of theirn has discovered our train, or——"

He hesitated.

"Or what!" prompted Bratte.

"I don't like to word my thoughts," returned Vance. "It isn't generous. Wait."

"You," said the old hunter, resolved not to mince matters, "suspect treachery?"

Captain Dave nodded.

"I've thought the same thing, an' all I've got to say is, let me get my musket levelled for them I'll give the buzzards a feast."

They referred to the men so long missing from the party.

Up to sunsetting one look-out after another ascended the eminence, but nothing was reported as being seen, save a herd of buffaloes, so distant as to look mostly like dogs scampering on the very verge of the horizon.

The majority of the camp hugged the delusion as night-fall came undisturbed, that this danger was past. Captain Dave, however, continued his arrangements for safety; and, finally, at a late hour, stretched himself down to rest without a thought of allowing sleep to close his eyelids. With his arms bent backward under his head, giving him considerable scope of vision, he kept every faculty on the alert.

Many of the recumbent hunters slept and snored in maddening discord near him.

While he persistently gazed upon a clump of furze, there appeared to him a strange freak of nature in the foliage. The starlight, of course, made the vision uncertain, but his gaze remained fascinated by what appeared like a patch of frost-bitten bush, and as he strained his eyes in the bothersome light, or darkness, the strange patch wavered like a wind-swayed branch.

Slowly he came to a sitting posture—himself being in a sheltered position—feeling convinced that he had beheld the hideous visage of a savage reconnoitering the situation. He then waited for the painted fiend to steal off, so that he might arouse the camp before the main party came upon them. As he moved cautiously behind the shelter of the wagons he heard a sort of thump and a scuffle and a thrashing about among the bushes, and he called in the ears of the sleeping party in a quick whisper:

"Awake and grasp your rifles—don't shrink nor falter, for, if the entire party of warriors is pressing up to us, it will be short work, and death is better than savage captivity and torture. Fight like fiends—fight for life!"

Thus adjured, the startled company arose expeditiously. The sentinels around the camp were utterly silent; evidently every ear was strained toward the thicket amid which that apparently rust-colored patch of foliage had fallen. Each watchman was trying to divine whether it were the heavy movements of a formidable grizzly, or something even worse. The horses, picketed in the centre of the train of carts, were snorting and stamping uneasily. The thrashing in the bush grew fainter and more spasmodical, and finally ceased. Almost immediately a tall form strode into their midst. The old one-eyed scout had returned after a protracted absence.

"Boys," said he, in his peculiar, croupy whisper, "we're most likely to hev a luncheon of arrer-root puddin' afore mornin'. The camp's been sited by a detachmunt of them greased pigs—I speak advisedly—heven cured one myself in yander brush. Diskiverin' him first, I naterally did as all renowned diskiverers do—leastwise I planted my flag upon the first pint touched, and tuk possessyun of the ileun' in the name of the U. S. A. I kalkerlate thar's about as nice or piece ov jerked venison in the furz thar as one wishes to see."

"But," returned Captain Dave, "where is the entire party of two hundred?"

"It's a problem as I can't solve parzackly. They must ev hid among the grass an' hollers until sundown, when thar was a gineral split—several parties sloughin' off to run of arrents elsewhar, while a nice, putty hanful of thirty or so are comin' up to trade scalps with us."

"From which direction?"

"The Heavenly elements know—leastwise I don't; but yer know they're humorous cusses, allus up to sum leetle practikul joke, and may, on some unlooked-for quarter, be already takin' aim at the fifth jint of yer perpundicklar an' spinal collum."

All this conversation had passed in less time than it takes to read it. When it was finished the old scout suddenly crouched upon his haunches, and making pivots of his heels, slowly whirled about so as to sight on all sides under the wagons.

"Thar ain't nothin' like a todestale within the range of my eye yet; no doubt they'll miss that ar formus-pitch-wig, and send another with inquiries. Ha! fingers on the trigger—thar's a furze-bush or two as are fikkle-minded; leastwise they are settin' thar tap-roots over. Hist! they're the setters an' pinters of the party."

A sudden click of a rifle-hammer was heard near the scout.

"Hist, up!" he commanded in his peculiar, harsh whisper. "The fust man that throws away a shot I'll bust on a grin'stone in the futur. Let 'em come up—come within range, and then lighten, thunder an' lighten to yer heart's content."

The entire camp was crouched behind the wagons, silent as death. The sentinels, sheltered among the scrub, moved not a muscle, and it was evident that the murderous savages were creeping, as they supposed, upon a sleeping camp.

"Them ar bush is springin' up rapidly," whispered Wertzal, "an' settlin' down this way as rapidly as a land slide could do it; leastwise thar's thirty odd—"

Captain Dave suddenly griped his arm with the fearful whisper, "Good God! look on the other side to the west, along the ridge—there's another party."

"Reg'lar crowd," returned the scout, with his horrible humor—"dancin' party, with a down outside an' up'n the middle, an' promenard all—ye see. Now then, boys, I hope none on yo's got a dyspeptick conschence; anything layin hard, ye know. In jist about two—" A sudden, demoniacal yell told that the savages, advancing from the western side, had stumbled upon the sentinels.

"Now, boys, thunder and lighten—two showers, to the west and south," yelled Wertzal, himself leading the charge.

More than a score of muskets vomited a stream of fire; all of the shots, however, not taking effect, owing to the trembling of inexperienced hands. A volley of arrows dotted in with some rifle balls, flew into the camp, terrifying the horses and endangering a stampede. However, they had been securely walled in amid the wagons, and could burst their bounds only by crashing through the traders themselves.

In two minutes time another volley was fired from the camp, answered by a flight of arrows. By the yells and yelps outside, it was evident that the second discharge had been as effectual as the first.

Then followed a period of utter silence. Evidently some new mischief was hatching among the savages. It developed itself soon enough, too, by a flight of fiery arrows sticking here and there amidst the wagons and luggage.

"We're spitted," yelled out Bratte.

"Not yet," called back brave Harry Burke, and seizing a blanket, he dashed outside the barricade, calling out—

"Pepper them, Cap'n Dave, while I beat out the fire."

"Hey! hey! hey! pepper 'em! pepper 'em!" yelled Wertzal—"fire! fire! *fire!*"

Young Burke's heroism stimulated others, who, armed like himself, amid a perfect shower of bodkins, leaped upon the wagons and beat out the flames as fast as they caught.

"They sting," laconically remarked the boy, leaping like a monkey from perch to perch; and yet he led a charmed life, for no missile struck a vital part, and he, with three others, actually found the arrows hailing around them. Wounded in several places, continually assailed by the fiery darts, the brave fellows fighting the fire must eventually have surrendered, and the camp must then have yielded to the overwhelming odds combined with the fiery element; but when a fearful doom seemed impending, a wild, wailing began among the hills. Both assailed and assailants paused to listen, and as the fearful sound broadened and deepened until an hundred sleeping echoes woke among the mountains, the Indians, with the ejaculation. "Wa-con-dah!" skulked like shadows away.

The fierce wailing shifted its position—rising and falling among the caverns and beetling crags. At last the sound died off toward the southwest, in the direction taken by the retreating savages.

"If that's the devil," remarked Wertzal, recognizing the phantom's cry, "I hope he'll jest race them ar swine over the brink 'er creation into whatever hole lies undermost this sublunary spere."

"Is the danger past?" questioned Vance.

"I vote it is, so long as that ar tode sings on thar trail. The critter's saved our scalps, and gin us opportunity to do up them bodkin pricks; afterward, let's see how much meat thar is layin' round camp."

The sentinels still kept their post, and while several experienced hands investigated and dressed the score of deep or surface wounds, others examined the several dead bodies of the savages, which the phantom had prevented their comrades from bearing away in their flight.

Captain Dave was the most eager and fierce of the searchers.

"Justice! retribution!" he called out at length, "and just what I expected," and he spurned one of the bodies with his foot. "Boys, here's Roemer returned to camp at last, in very questionable society. We were betrayed by our comrades."

"An' one ov 'em still cumbers the airth," growled Wertzal, "but I've a mor'gage on his gizzard an'll foreclose at the fust opportunity. Is it possible—is it?"

"This," said Captain Vance, vengefully, "is an illustration of the system of treachery that brings destruction upon so many of the trains crossing the Plains. I suspected it—and joined the expedition to reconnoitre. Reemer is dead, but Bickell is at large. Bickell?—he doubtless has a dozen names."

"But only one countenance."

"He can disguise that."

"Sartin, but he ain't likely to dig his own eyes out. I'll do that fur him—nur he can't lower the bridge ov his nose—if enybody meets that chap agin, I give 'em leave to spear his gills."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DISCOVERY.

At the early dawn they started on, and by hard pushing found themselves by evening time at the first stopping point of their destination. It was the squalid village of a squalid remnant of a once powerful tribe, upon whom the Blackfeet had raided, and the Crows plundered, and the Sioux butchered, until there was not enough of them left to awaken either warfare or cupidity in the breasts of their fierce enemies.

Here the party found a quantity of inferior furs, and some fine ones of the trappings of the year before, and the aborigines were only too glad to exchange them for blankets and knives, they having repeatedly been deprived of all implements by their thievish foes.

As the traders calculated to remain many days—or, perhaps some weeks, in the vicinity, trading with the fragmentary tribes, Wertzal, restless during inactivity, wandered off by himself to make whatever discoveries he might.

We propose to follow him awhile, and learn what we may of his adventures. He had, summing it all up, spent many years of his life among the Rocky Mountains, had crossed the chain twice, and trapped along the branches leading out of the Columbia River, and, therefore, knew every mile of ground over which he passed.

On the second day after leaving the party, the old scout came upon the trail of a large band of savages, and as it was an improvement on the other by-ways, he followed it for some distance, and came to the conclusion that the tracks were made by Crow Indians, returning, doubtless, from some marauding expedition. After a time, however, the trail led him over such a rough route that he became disgusted and abandoned it. On the evening of the second day he was surprised and delighted in being joined by Captain Vance. The latter was hoping to get his eyes upon Bickell, feeling sure that there would be nothing but danger for the train while the renegade was at large.

Crossing a ridge of the hills near the close of the third day, and discovering no trace of Indians from the eminence, they deemed it advisable to secure some sort of game. Coming suddenly upon a small green valley, they sighted a number of buffalo grazing near a spring of water, and with two shots succeeded in securing a fine young cow, upon which they feasted bountecously, and from it cut huge portions for future consumption.

Just when the mellow-tinted twilight was creeping over the earth, old Wertzal's keen eye caught sight of a small, winding spire of smoke streaming up, and most boldly defined against the sky. It seemed to be not over two miles away, just beyond the hills, and was, no doubt, a savage camp-smoke. This was a sight that the old scout could never behold without being devoured by curiosity to investigate who kindled the faggots. He therefore proposed that they should pack their meat upon Vance's mare, advance and reconnoitre. Captain Dave readily coincided with the idea, and they moved across the rough intervening space toward the level plain.

"When on the perarie," observed Wertzal, "I'm considerable of an investigatore. One 'ev them ar streaks ev smoke makes me itch to know whose toes lay next to the fire. If 'tis feller trappers, it's jovial to know it—and if 'tis ily gammuns, safety demands us to look arter 'em a little."

"Your plan, perhaps, is the safest," answered Vance," unless, indeed, one can give them a wide circle."

"Besides," continued the veteran, "it's like prospecting—one don't know what diskiveries he's ter make."

"That is true. I would indeed like to discover the party to which the wily, deceitful rascal Bickell is attached."

"Yer'd disband the consarn, I take it."

"I'd give the buzzards a job."

"Reg'lar carrin—mean stinkin' carrin at that. Jes so, jes so."

After coming as near the strange camp as was expedient in a straightforward fashion, they separated, and each one advanced as cautiously as possible.

Wertzal, with his double-length of experience, was able to make a more swift approach without danger of detection.

He saw four or five lodges of savages—Cheyennes, as he thought, but everything was up in heaps, denoting a contemplated move on the morrow. That the party had been encamped at this place for some time, was evident by the rubbish and offal lying near. Heaps of buffalo bones outside the lodges, and strings of trumpery dangling from poles, and the peculiar odors of an Indian camping-ground were plainly apparent.

Before the smouldering fire, that flickered and faded again, in grotesque or picturesque attitudes, were grouped some five or six sleeping warriors. Wertzal was but a little ways from the entrance of a lodge, across the opening of which, reclined a human figure.

One gleam of firelight brighter than the rest, caused his fascinated eye to leave the sleeping braves, and fasten itself upon this recumbent form.

Oh, for one more blazing up! but the sulky fire held closely to the ashes, and the scout strained his eye until it almost burst from the socket. A slight breeze crept by, hissing in the rank grass. It whiffed up the ashes and fanned the slumbering coals. A sudden life returned to the dozing embers, a little ruddy blaze leaped upon a coal, and ran from that to another, and for an instant a flash of light sprang into the open mouths of the lodges. There before him, nearly within reach of his arm, what did the old scout behold?

"Good God!" he whispered to himself, and, with the noiseless movements of a serpent, writhed away from the encampment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# RAFE FENWICK'S FATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

A day in February.

Mid-Winter, yet the sunlight fell in golden glory over green forest and shimmering sea, for this was Florida—the Land of Flowers—where, centuries ago, Ponce de Leon sought for the Fountain of Eternal Youth.

The sky was cloudless and blue as Italy's own. A light breeze blew in from the ocean, rustling the foliage of the majestic live-oaks, and sighing mournfully through the distant forest of dark green pines. Sea gulls flew screaming through the air; pelicans soared gracefully overhead, or fell suddenly upon the water in search of food. Innumerable smaller birds sang and chattered in the trees, while gaudy-hued butterflies fluttered through the blossom-scented air.

The blue ocean lay calm and smiling, with scarce a ripple on its placid bosom, except along the shore, where the waves dashed themselves into foam against a perpendicular wall of rocks. There was only one place where a boat could land in safety, and from this a narrow path meandered around the rocks to the level ground above. It was a wild and solitary spot, but beautiful and romantic in the extreme, and this was why it was Inez Ramon's favorite retreat. Possessed of a warm and poetic temperament, the loveliness of Nature filled the girl's soul with wonder and delight.

I scarcely know how to describe her, for such beauty of face and form as she possessed is rarely met with. Imagine a tall, lithe figure—not slim, emaciated, or "scraggy," as many of our American women are—but with a roundness that had nothing of "embonpoint" about it, and a willowy grace of movement, a step as free and light as the antelope of the prairies. Her hands were small, white, slender, evidently but little acquainted with toil; her feet were arched and delicately perfect, as the feet of Spanish women always are.

Her face was oval and rather pale, but this creamy pallor served to make the intense scarlet of her full, curved lips, and the starry brightness of her large black eyes more noticeable. Her small, haughtily-poised head was crowned with silken braids, as black and glossy as the raven's wing.

This young girl—she was not more than seventeen—was the only child of Sidney Ramon, an eccentric genius, who was planter, hunter, fisherman and poet by turns. He owned a small plantation near the "ancient city" of Saint Augustine, but his farming operations were not skilfully conducted, although he seemed to possess money in abundance. Rumor said that he accumulated a fortune in his youth, when he roamed the seas as a buccaneer; but this has nothing to do with our story. All that his sleepy and indifferent neighbors knew about him was that he had come amongst them with a young and wondrously beautiful Spanish wife, that this wife had died in a year after her daughter was born, and that thereafter the bereaved husband spent his time in petting his beautiful child, or in roaming alone through the melancholy forests.

Inez Ramon inherited her mother's beauty and her sweet, passionate, Southern nature, together with her father's iron will and romantic disposition. With proper culture she would have adorned the highest circles of society; but her father did not consider it necessary for a woman to know much, consequently her education was sadly neglected. She saw but few girls of her own age, and never associated with them. She had heard of love and marriage, but she had a very imperfect idea of the meaning of the words. Still the woman's loving heart slumbered in her bosom, and was soon to be awakened to passionate life.

Walking along near the edge of the cliff until she came to the path which led to the sea-shore, the girl commenced clambering down the steep and dangerous descent. Half-way between the top of the cliff and the sea was a large overjutting table-rock, which afforded a secure and picturesque seat, and from which a loosened stone would fall straight into the seething water nearly fifty feet below. Reaching this, Inez reclined on the mossy rocks, humming softly a tender little Spanish song, while her dark eyes wandered over the broad expanse of sunny, smiling water.

A boat was approaching the landing-place below. The girl paid but little attention to this, as she supposed its occupant was only a fisherman plying his trade. The boat touched the shore, the man sprang out and commenced ascending the path; still the maiden gazed far away over the azure ocean, wrapped in a delicious day-dream. She was aroused from her revery by hearing a soft, rich, musical tenor voice—such a voice as she had never heard before—exclaim:

"By Jove! what have we here? A mermaid, a wood-nymph, or a Peri from her coral cave?"

Inez sprang to her feet, and for a moment the rich blood suffused her cheeks; but she was too child-like and natural to be long embarrassed. She sank back to her seat, saying with a musical laugh:

"Neither, but a simple country girl, who comes to this spot to admire the beautiful scenery."

"I appreciate your taste. This is indeed a magnificent view, and surpasses anything of the kind I have ever seen. Since we have met in such a place as this, I think we ought to become better acquainted. Will you tell me your name?"

"Inez Ramon."

"Ah, you are Spanish, then; I thought as much from your face."

"My mother was Spanish; my father, I believe, is an American."

"And I, Miss Ramon, am called Rafe Fenwick. I am a Northener, spending the winter in St. Augustine for the good of my health. You have a delightful climate here, and I am almost resolved to pitch my tent among you for life."

"I suppose there are snow-drifts in the North, even now," said Miss Ramon.

"Yes, indeed. The trees there are bending beneath a burden of snow, while here they are clad in verdure, and covered with fragrant blossoms."

"I should not like your bleak northern climate. I love the sweet South—the Summer and the sun, and the beautiful, sighing sea."

"And I admire, more than all else, the lovely daughters of this sunny land, with their midnight eyes and their hearts of fire," said Rafe Fenwick, sitting down by the girl's side with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. And Inez Ramon, perfectly artless and unused to the customs of society, saw nothing improper in the stranger's freedom of manner. She gazed into his handsome face as frankly as if he had been her own father, and conversed with him as unconstrainedly. Instead of blushing and simpering at his last remark, as most girls of her age would have done, she only smiled and asked—

"Are not the blue-eyed daughters of the North more beautiful?"

"The blue eyes of the North have charms,
But give me Seville's daughter,"

quoted Fenwick. "Some of our northern blondes are handsome, but they are not to be compared to the brunettes of Spain, with their dark cheeks and glorious eyes."

Rafael, or, as he was always called, Rafe Fenwick, was that most contemptible of things, an unprincipled male flirt. I do not think that he ever conversed five minutes with a woman without flattering her, or an hour without making love to her. Possessed of rare personal beauty, wealthy, talented, highly educated, he was petted and lionized wherever he went. Beautiful ladies smiled upon him; match-making mammas introduced him to their pure daughters, not knowing, or not caring, that more than one of the loveliest of their sex owed her ruin to his false smiles and hollow promises. Wealth covers a multitude of sins, and Fenwick's fortune was immense. Looking at his tall, elegant figure, his fair Saxon face with its rosy womanish cheeks, and white brow surrounded by clustering yellow curls, you might have thought him a saint, had not the cynical sneer that sometimes curled his red lips, or a strange glance from his dreamy blue eyes, revealed the devil that lurked beneath this fair exterior.

To Inez Ramon, who scarcely ever saw a young man except the unlettered, rough-clad fishers of the coast, Rafe Fenwick appeared like a being from a higher world. Enraptured, she listened to his cadenced voice, and gazed entranced upon his beautiful face, and even in that first meeting the depths of her passionate heart were stirred, and her happy, careless childhood was gone forever.

This was the beginning of what proved to be a mournful tragedy. Day after day they met, sometimes by accident, oftener by appointment. They took long strolls on the shell-strewn beach, when the sun sank low in the crimson western sky, or rowed slowly across the rippling waves in the sultry noontide heats. As yet, no word of love had passed between them; but Fenwick saw what the girl had not the art or the wish to conceal—that the beautiful Spanish maiden was growing to love him with all the strength of her fiery tropical nature. And Fenwick was more in love than he had ever been before; in all his thirty years he had never met a woman more beautiful and charming than this dark-eyed southern girl. He was almost resolved to abandon his erratic ways, make her his wife, and settle down as a sober, married man. And yet, the girl had no fortune, or at least nothing compared with his own; she was a child of nature, without any of those accomplishments which commanded the admiration of the society in which he moved; his wife must be one who could queen it royally in his splendid establishment. No, he must not marry her; Mrs. Grundy forbade that. But she was so pretty, so sweet, so artless, so confiding; he would enjoy her society as long as possible, regardless of what his victim must suffer, when his pleasant pastime was ended.

And so the pleasant walks continued, and the little boat with its two occupants, was seen gliding over the sunny water almost daily. The fishermen nodded to each other, and said that it would be a good match—that Miss Inez would never have found one of their number good enough for her, but that this northern fellow, with his grand airs and handsome face would suit her exactly.

One evening the two returned from a longer excursion than usual, landed at the foot of the cliff, and ascended the romantic path. When they reached the seat in the rocks, they paused, as if by mutual consent, and turned to look down upon the murmuring waves, which the setting sun was dyeing purple and scarlet. The scene was enchanting. A soft, dreamy haze encircled the horizon; the air was warm and caressing; the great ocean lay smiling beneath the slanting sunbeams, calm and unruffled as an inland lake.

"Oh, what a beautiful world this is!" exclaimed Inez, her usually pale cheeks glowing with enthusiasm. "How blest it would be to dwell forever beneath such a sky, in sight of such a sea."

"Ah, yes, if youth and love were only immortal," answered Fenwick.

"Love is immortal," said the girl, turning her dark, eloquent eyes upon her companion's face.

Never had the young man seen her look so beautiful. Her fine, *spirituelle* form was clearly outlined in the rosy evening light; her bosom rose and fell tumultuously; her face was like we imagine an angel's to be. Fenwick's heart throbbed; he knew that he loved this girl as he could never love another.

"I believe that the love I bear for you is indeed immortal," he said. "If you only loved me in return, how happy I should be."

"*If* I loved you!" exclaimed Inez, her eyes filled with happy tears.

"You do love me a little, then, Wild Rose?"

"Ah, how I love you—" her voice trembling with emotion. "You, with your cool northern blood, can know nothing of the fiery passion that burns within my bosom. Until you came, I knew nothing of love, except what I read in my father's books. Now, ah, Heaven, what would be life without you? Rafe, if you ever leave me, I shall die!"

"Little passion flower!" said Fenwick, throwing his arms around her yielding form, "I love you too well to ever leave you. See, I will place upon your finger this circle of gold, which will be a symbol of my unending affection. My love, my life, my wife that is to be!

For a moment Inez sobbed upon his bosom in ineffable happiness. At length she raised her head and gazed into the beautiful face of the man who was now her betrothed husband.

"I have a foreboding that this bliss will not last—that you will soon cease to love me," she said, sadly. "Oh, Rafe, Rafe, my darling, my life, if you are false to me I will kill you—and myself!"

"Hush, hush, little girl," said Fenwick, kissing her quivering lips. "Would I deceive one whom I love better than all the world? Never, my sweet. When the Summer comes, you shall go with me as my bride to my far-away home; and the lilies of the North will grow pale before my beautiful southern rose."

The gorgeous hues of sunset faded from sea and sky; the full moon rose in the East, and cast a flood of silvery light over the sparkling waves. Long the lovers lingered, noting not the flight of time. At last, with a lingering embrace, they parted, to meet again on the morrow.

A month passed away. For a time Inez was completely happy, and entertained not a doubt of her lover's truth. He was with her almost constantly. Then his visits grew less frequent—sometimes he was absent several days together. Inez reproached him gently, but he pleaded business engagements in St. Augustine, where his sole "business" consisted in seeking amusements to pass away his idle time. He was beginning to weary of the ardent devotion of the warm-hearted southern girl, but he deemed it best to "break it off" with her as gently as possible. So, when he had nothing else to do, he spent an hour or two with the woman who would willingly have died to save him from a moment's pain.

One morning Inez stood on the sea-shore, waiting and watching for her lover. For nearly a week she had seen nothing of him. Her pallid cheeks, her quivering lips and the dark circles under her mournful black eyes, told how she suffered. Her thin white hands clasped and unclasped each other with nervous energy.

"I will row over toward the town," she said, at length, walking rapidly to where a tiny boat lay moored. "Perhaps I may meet him coming—perhaps something has happened to him. It cannot be that he means to leave me. Oh, God, he could not do that, for he knows that I should die heart-broken."

Inez was as familiar with the sea as any of the hardy fishermen of the coast, and as skillful with the oars. In a moment her boat was dancing over the waves in the direction of St. Augustine. After she had rowed a short distance, she beheld a boat rocking lazily on the water, while its two occupants—a man and a woman—were evidently engaged in earnest conversation. Inez rowed swiftly onward, and as she drew near the boat, she gave a searching glance at those within. She grew pale as death, and pressed her hand suddenly to her heart. The man was Rafe Fenwick—there was no mistaking his graceful figure and handsome face. The lady was a stranger, but poor Inez saw that she was young, fair and surpassingly beautiful—and she knew, only too well, why Rafe had deserted her—he had found a new face, whose fresh loveliness was more charming than her own dark beauty.

Outwardly calm, but with her black eyes glowing like coals of fire, Miss Ramon guided her boat within a few feet of them, and passed on with only a slight inclination of her head. Fenwick bowed, and a red flush mounted to his brow. His companion eyed him curiously for a moment, and then turned to watch Miss Ramon, whose boat was fast receding in the distance.

For a short time Inez rowed straight onward, scarcely conscious whither she was going; then she turned about and approached the shore. When she reached the beach, she sprang out upon the sands and hurried homeward, with heart of lead and brain of fire. Having to pass through a grove of trees on her way, she paused beneath the grateful shade, and looked out over the sunny ocean. She saw a boat near the shore, and two people—a man and a woman—get out, and come across the beach toward the grove in which she was standing. They were Rafe Fenwick and the strange lady. Inez started on—hesitated—then came back and concealed herself in the foliage of some low-growing shrubs.

"I will wait—I will hear what he says to her—I will find out who she is," she panted, crouching upon the ground and peering through the branches like some wild beast watching for its prey. Fenwick and his companion came slowly across the beach, and entered the grove. The young man held the lady's white hand in his, and he was talking in low, tender, earnest tones.

"Sit here, darling," he said, drawing her to a seat by his side on a fallen tree. "Oh, how beautiful you look to-day, Lily, my golden-haired sweetheart."

Inez Ramon heard and saw his lover-like words and actions. She uttered a low moan, and then bit her lips until they bled. Her bowed form quivered with agony.

"Flatterer!" laughed Lily, blushing rosy red. "I'm not half as pretty as you say. Do you know, Rafe, I've half a mind to be jealous of that black-eyed girl whom we saw an hour ago, and who looked at us so savagely?"

"How foolish!" said Fenwick, kissing the girl's fair cheek. "That was only a little Spanish girl whom I have met two or three times in my rambles. She is rather pretty, I know, but she is an ignorant country lass, and her father is a fisherman. Surely you cannot be jealous of her—you, my beautiful blue-eyed queen."

"But that girl loves you, Rafe—I saw it in her eyes."

"Well, perhaps she does like me a little, but am I to blame for that? I was civil to her, and I suppose I was the first passable looking fellow she ever spoke to. But as to loving her—bah! could I care for another woman when you are near?"

Poor Inez! she sank prostrate upon the ground, and forgot her misery for a time in unconsciousness. And her false lover whispered words of love in another woman's ear, and polluted her lips with his kisses. If there is a God in Heaven, why does He permit such creatures to enjoy the honors and luxuries of the land, while their innocent victims are crushed to the dust in agony and shame?

When Inez recovered her senses, Fenwick and his companion were gone. She arose to her feet, and looked up at the blue sky, and away at the sunny, smiling ocean—the ocean that she had loved so well in her careless, solitary childhood—but oh, how unutterably dreary everything appeared. The birds sang in the trees, the air was laden with the fragrance of countless blossoms, but what was all this to one who carried in her bosom a broken heart? With lagging, listless steps she sought her home, and going to her own room, she threw herself wearily upon a couch. Her father inquired after her anxiously, but she would only say that she had a bad headache, and did not wish to be disturbed.

She did not leave her room until the next morning, when she appeared at the breakfast table looking like a ghost, and, after drinking a cup of coffee, she told her father that she was going for a stroll on the sea-shore. Seeking her favorite retreat, the seat on the cliff, she sat for a long time looking down at the foaming waves.

"I wish I was at rest under the dark water," she murmured at last, bowing her head on her hands and weeping the first tears that had moistened her aching eyes.

While she wept, a man's figure was climbing the cliff; a moment more, and Rafe Fenwick stood on the rock, gazing in wonder at the weeping girl.

"Inez!" he said, laying his hand on her tangled hair.

She sprang to her feet at the sound of that loved voice, and the red blood rushed to her cheeks; then it receded again, leaving her paler than before.

"What ails you, Wild Rose?" asked Fenwick tenderly. "Are you ill?"

"What is it to you?" gasped the girl, hoarsely.

"What is it to me? Why, how strangely you talk, Inez. It is much to me, for I love you."

"Love me!" Inez repeated scornfully. Then she turned away her face and burst into a flood of passionate tears. Fenwick sought to take her in his arms, but she retreated until she stood on the very edge of the cliff.

"Be careful," said the young man in alarm. "Another step, and you will fall into the sea. Come back, I entreat you."

"Can you swim?" she asked, suddenly.

"No, that is an accomplishment I have never learned. If you fall into the water I shall not be able to save you."

"And you would not care to save me, if you could," said Inez, bitterly, stepping back and sinking upon the rocky seat.

Fenwick sat down by her side, and threw his arms around her quivering form.

"My little passion-flower is in a strange mood to-day," he said, kissing her colorless cheeks. "What have I done, that you shun me so? Have you ceased to love me?"

"Ceased to love you? Ah, Heaven, if I only could!" she sobbed.

"Then what is it, my sweet?"

"*You* have ceased to love *me*; you have been deceiving me all along."

"What put such an idea as that into your silly head?" asked Fenwick, laughing.

"Who was that beautiful lady you were boating with yesterday?"

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? That was Miss Lily Macdonald, a young lady from the North. She is spending a month in St. Augustine—and of course, I being an old friend, must pay her some attention."

"You do not love her?"

"I love *you*, Inez, my beautiful black-eyed darling—how could I love another?"

Inez tore herself from his embrace and sprang to her feet, her tall, slender form erect, her dark eyes flashing scornfully.

"False, perjured, lying villain!" she exclaimed, fiercely. "I have discovered your baseness. I was concealed in the grove yesterday, and I overheard your vows of love to this beautiful northern lady. I heard you call her your 'blue-eyed queen,' while you spoke of me as an ignorant country girl, to whom you condescended to be civil! Oh, Rafe Fenwick, may God be more merciful to you than you have been to me!"

For a moment Fenwick's conscience smote him, and he cowered before his beautiful accuser. Then his natural nonchalance of manner returned, and he said, with a slight sneer,

"Well, since you have heard so much, I suppose I may as well confess. I do love Miss Macdonald, and intend to marry her as soon as we return to the North. She is a great heiress, a reigning belle, and will be an excellent match for me. I suppose I haven't used you exactly right—but you might have known that I could not marry a girl in your position. I am sorry for you, but you will soon forget me, and will make an excellent wife for some good-looking young fisherman. Little passion-flower, give me a kiss, and let us say good-bye in peace."

He held out his arms to her, with the old, winning smile on his fair, false face.

For a moment Inez stood irresolute, her form trembling, her bosom heaving; then she threw her arms around his neck, and laid her face against his cheek.

"Oh, Rafe, Rafe, I love you so!" she murmured. "No other woman can ever love you as I—no other woman's lips shall ever touch yours again."

"Wild Rose," he said, calling her by the old pet name, "it is hard to bid you good-bye?"

"Good-bye? Ah, yes. You cannot be mine on earth, but you shall be mine in Heaven. If we cannot live together, we can die together. Oh, Rafe, my love, my life, did I not tell you that if you deceived me, I would kill you?"

They were standing but a step from the edge of the cliff. Ere Fenwick could comprehend her design, Inez, with superhuman strength, raised her false lover's form in her arms, and leaped from the rock into the foaming water forty feet below.

As Fenwick had said, he could not swim; and had he been able to do so, the girl's clinging arms would have rendered him helpless. Clasped in a last embrace, they sank beneath the boiling waves, and their passionate souls departed—whither?

The next day their bodies were found washed ashore by the tide. The girl's arms were still tightly clasped around her lover's form; her pale face rested on his bosom. The young man's beautiful face was upturned to the golden sunlight, and the yellow curls, which many a fair woman's fingers had caressed, lay in shining coils on his white forehead. And such was Rafe Fenwick's fate.

☞ Daniel Boone must have been a very industrious man, as the large number of trees and terrapins found in Kentucky with his name on them testify.

☞ A Patch-street boy has a noble heart. He gets ten cents for swallowing vermifuge, and spends the money for confectionery.

☞ "How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on soap."

☞ The early bird can secure his worm without any trouble, by buying a few chestnuts of any street dealer.

# WITHOUT A NAME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

It was a dreary night in December, and was fast growing dark, when two persons alighted at the depot in N——.

It was too dark to have seen their faces, but that the station-master came along at that moment swinging his big lantern, and the red light flashed full on their faces, rendering every feature distinct.

One—a man, little and old and ugly, with a broad red scar across his forehead, and a sinister-looking mouth drawn to one side as if he were trying to whisper to some one behind him, and dressed in a shabby suit of clothes that looked as if they might have hung out in the sun and rain of half a dozen seasons at some old-clothes shop. They were ill-fitting, too, as if they had been bought at various times in his life, and he had been through various fortunes at such odd times.

The other—a figure on which my eyes instinctively rested for more than the moment—a woman, fair and fragile, and dressed in widow's weeds.

She had wonderful eyes—I could see that even in the uncertain light of the swinging lantern, and I saw it many times afterward—brown eyes, half full of a peculiar, golden light; a little mouth, with full, red quivering lips; pale cheeks, in which was only the faintest tinge of the strawberry; and golden, crinkled hair, which lay low on the white forehead.

It was a face not easy to be forgotten. Aside from its rare beauty, there was a touching fluidity about it, a half-veiled grief in the brown eyes, that would not let you forget.

That night, musing by my fire, I thought over the chance meeting, and wondered if fate or Providence would ever bring us together again.

Two sentences only I had caught, in a momentary lull of the storm.

It was when they had reached the lower end of the long platform, and were about to separate, that the woman caught hold of his arm and said, in a quick, frightened voice—

"Will it be for long, do you think?"

And he had pulled his arm away, a little roughly as it seemed to me, and had said—

"Long or short, you'll stay here till I come. And remember, you've *no name.*"

With that he had left her, and a moment after she had stepped into a carriage which was waiting, and was whirled away into the darkness.

This was the mystery.

A woman apparently young, and certainly possessed of unusual loveliness was to make her abode with us for an indefinite time, and we were not to know her name.

It was very strange truly, but in the thousand and one little incidents of daily intercourse, I hoped to unravel the mysterious threads of her story, and know why she was to have no name.

I was one of the assistant physicians at St. Mary's Hospital, and the beautiful stranger was the private nurse sent down from the city, to take the exclusive care of Madame Meyerson, the foreign lady who had been thrown from a carriage the week before, and had been out of her mind ever since.

I had nothing to do with this patient; she was under Doctor Marks's care, but I hoped for some opportunity to see her nevertheless.

And the opportunity came the very next day. Doctor Marks was called out of town, and gave Madame Meyerson into my care, until his return.

When I went into the room, the patient was lying with her eyes closed, and her face turned to the wall; and the new nurse stood by the window looking out on the snow-covered streets.

A faint smile crossed her face as I came in.

"Doctor Gordon, I presume?" she said, in a very sweet, inquiring voice.

"You are quite right," I said, returning the smile, as I certainly had a right to do. "Your name is—"

"They call me Katherine," she said shortly, turning again to the window.

But was that her name, and if it was, what was the other name?

It is rather unusual for a beautiful young woman to choose to have people calling her by her first name, and I presume she read that thought in my face.

"If you give me no other name, I suppose I am to call you Katherine?"

"Yes," she said; "of course you are to call me that, when you have any occasion to speak to me at all."

Up to that time I believe I had felt only curiosity, but I began from that moment to have an intense desire to know the strange, beautiful woman with the wonderful brown eyes.

I saw her half-a-dozen times a day during the next week; and we were at least on friendly terms with one another when Dr. Marks returned.

That evening as I was coming down the stairs at nine o'clock, after going my round, I saw the figure of the new nurse glide out of Madame Meyerson's room, and flit noiselessly down the stairs before me.

As she reached the door she hesitated, looked cautiously around, and finally pulling her veil over her face, walked rapidly away.

I followed her without, as I thought, being seen; but I had been mistaken, for when we were within one square of the depot, and at the corner of a dark street, she turned suddenly, threw up her veil and beckoned to me.

In an instant I was at her side, my heart beating a little faster than usual.

"You have followed me," she said quickly and with emphasis. "For what reason I cannot guess—"

"I assure you," I began, in haste to defend myself.

"Do not interrupt me; listen, and remember what I say. You saw me the night I first came here with a short, dark man, too ugly to pass unnoticed anywhere. Well, I had agreed to come here, because I was in his power, and do an evil work for him. He could not have harmed *me* but he *could* have harmed one whose life is dearer to me than my own, and through my fear he made me consent to his iniquitous schemes. Half an hour ago I was in my room, in horrible dread and fear; and I fell on my knees and asked God to show me a way out of my troubles. Just as I rose from my knees, two letters were brought me; one from that villain, containing a powder which would have put Madame Meyerson to sleep forever; and the other from my brother, telling me that he was free at last, that the man we have so feared had no longer any power over him. The wretch from whom I am escaping will be here in the eleven o'clock train to meet me and take me away, with the intention of making me his wife, and I want to take the next train instead, and go the other way to meet my brother. I have left a letter for Madame Meyerson telling her the whole truth, enclosing *his* letter and the fatal powder; and I want *you* to stay here, get help, and have him arrested when he comes. You will know him again; and, remember, that if he escapes this time, he will surely murder his wife with his own hand!"

"I will do all you ask, if you will tell me your name, and where I can find you, when it is accomplished."

"You care then to see me again?" she asked with a sad sort of smile. "But you do not know that my brother has been suspected of crime, and my name, as a witness, has been dragged through the papers."

"I do not care!" I said, drawing her hand in my arm. "I will see you safely on the train, but I must come to you again. Do you understand me, Katherine?"

A soft blush and a vivid smile answered me.

I know her heart had answered mine.

The next moment, she had leaned nearer and whispered four words in my ear.

It was her address, in an Eastern state.

My lips, I know, brushed her crimson cheek; the train came thundering along; I had put her in, and once more watched while she was whirled away in the dark.

But not as I watched before. When I saw her again, I felt that it would be as my promised wife!

I sent at once for aid—and when the next train came in, we found the little, ugly man with the scar and the twisted mouth, and had him arrested.

"Katherine?" he asked me, with white lips, as they were taking him away.

"She is safe—and where you will never see her again," I replied.

But I felt as if I could have taken him by the throat and strangled him.

I am almost at the end of my story.

Jacob Meyerson, who had wished to poison his wife that he might inherit her fortune, and perhaps wed a younger and a fairer bride, is serving his term of imprisonment at Sing-Sing, and Katherine is my wife.

I have never told my dearest friend what her name was *before* she became my wife, for she had made me promise not to make it known, before she would marry me.

But it made no difference to me. I would have taken her on trust, even if she had chosen to withhold her simple story from me also—*for I loved her.*

# JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

OR,

# HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

The door of the secret room was thrown fiercely open by the hand of Joe Corbin, and he burst like an avalanche into the room, followed in a minute after by Passmore and the boy.

His quick, fierce eye drank in the apartment at a single glance.

Alice stood in a graceful attitude behind the table, meeting with unmoved look this sudden apparition, her whole expression breathing defiance of their power, and confidence in her own cause. There was no other person present. Her visitor had disappeared.

Corbin saw all this in his rapid glance round the room, and astonishment for the moment took the place of his rage.

"Where is the Jew?" he cried, sternly regarding the unflinching face before him.

"The Jew?" she replied. "I have seen no Jew."

"By the blue blazes, boy," yelled Corbin, turning in a fearful rage to Patsy, "have you been lying to me again?"

"Not a bit of a lie," said Patsy, boldly. "Yer don't want to say, Miss Alice, as how there weren't a man here with you five minutes ago; a man as I seen myself?"

"I have seen no Jew," she coldly replied. "Is this scene arranged by you, John Passmore?" she continued, turning scornfully to him. "I feel obliged to you for your delicate plans for my entertainment."

Passmore heard her with unmoved countenance.

"It is evident that you are mistaken," he said to Corbin. "The boy thinks he saw something, but he has deceived himself."

"You be blowed," cried Patsy, angrily. "The fellar has left the place, and he's hid somewhere else in the house."

He darted swiftly through the doorway, and into the remaining rooms on the third floor.

Finding them still empty he went downstairs, followed by Corbin, who, seeing that the secret chamber did not contain his prey, determined on another thorough search of the house.

Passmore remained alone with Alice.

"Well," he began, in a calm conversational tone. "I presume you have made up your mind to act reasonably. The notions you had in your head this morning were too foolish for any sensible girl to long entertain, and I hope you perceive it by this time."

"My foolishness still continues," she coldly replied. "I presume the refined gentleman who just accompanied you here, is your artist friend, who lent you the use of this room?"

"I see you are bent on being obstinate," he replied, confused and angered by her manner. "You are determined on driving me to extremities which I would rather have avoided."

"You can readily avoid them."

"How?"

"By acting the part of an honest man, and desisting from the unmanly persecution to which you have subjected me."

"I do not intend your injury, but your benefit," he replied. "You are determined to force me to unpleasant measures, but you would find it much to your advantage to submit gracefully, and not attempt defiance of my power."

"I fear not your power," she answered with scorn. "Have you not done enough, John Passmore?" she continued with sudden indignation. "Is it not enough to have dragged me from my home, subjected me to a dozen insults, imprisoned me, injured me in every way, but you must seek to force me into a marriage which my soul horns, and which shall never be contracted?"

"We shall see, my dear Miss Worthington," he coolly replied. "I perceive that you are determined to drive me to the last expedient. Rest assured that if you contemn my mercy you shall not receive it. If I am driven to use force, you shall be my wife in your despite. I have a minister below, at this minute, who is ready to perform the ceremony, whether you consent or not. And in this room, out of hearing and sight of the world, how can you avoid the fate which is in store for you?"

"How can I avoid it?" she asked, with a curious smile.

"Yes. You defy me. How will you escape my power?"

"A defender will be raised up for the weak, and help for the defenceless," she replied. "Do your worst, sir. You cannot bend me to your wishes."

Her tone of cool assurance somewhat puzzled and alarmed her hearer. Was she determined to defy his threats and violence to the last, or had she some secret reason for confidence not yet revealed? The boy's declaration that Gantly had been with her. What was he to think of it? Had the Jew really discovered her hiding place, been won over to her cause, and escaped to bring her assistance? Corbin hinted at treachery in Gantly. There might be more in this than would prove comfortable to himself.

These reflections passed instantaneously through Passmore's mind. He perceived that but one sure course of action remained, which was to force the sham marriage without delay, and, despite herself, obtain a certificate and the signatures of witnesses to the ceremony.

Before he could again speak, Corbin returned, attended by Patsy, by his doorkeeper, and by an individual whose face betokened settled habits of intoxication, though his seedy clothes looked as if they might have seen much better days, and he affected the clerical cravat.

He had, in fact, been the minister of a church in a distant city, and possessed documents to prove his former connection with the ministry, which had never been formally broken.

Passmore was well aware of this. He wished no doubt to exist of the legality of the marriage, as the success of his future schemes depended entirely on making Alice his legal wife.

"No signs of the blamed old Israelite," cried Corbin, in a voice that largely mingled rage with dread. "You'd better push this job through, for the crib's going to be too hot to hold us."

"You see, Alice, there is no escape," said Passmore, approaching and taking her hand, which he firmly retained, despite her strong efforts to rend it from him. "This reverend sir is prepared to join us in the holy bonds of matrimony, and these gentlemen to act as witnesses. Girl!" he hissed in her ear, as she still made ineffectual efforts to escape from him, "do you know what you risk by this obstinacy? I am not the man to make idle threats, but if you fail to make the necessary responses— Words are not necessary. You know the secrecy of this room, you know I can be unscrupulous if angered by opposition."

Alice turned pale as death as the full meaning of his threat came upon her. She made no reply, and ceased her efforts to wrest her hand from his grasp.

The mockery of a ceremony was entered on by the debauched parson, who remained a disgrace to the church that had failed to expel him from its ministry.

In deep silence Alice heard the ceremony read, in tones thickened by libations of liquor. Her pallor grew yet deeper, and her restless eyes turned from side to side, as if, like a frightened hare, she sought some avenue of escape from these, her remorseless hunters.

"If any man can give just cause why these twain should not be made one, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace!" cried the unworthy minister, in stentorian tones, too inebriated to give this challenge in the proper words, or at the correct time.

A sudden burst of light broke into the sad eyes of Alice as these words were spoken. A flush of red lit her pale cheeks, and she stood with half-parted lips, as if in eager expectation.

Ere they could turn to observe the cause of this change in her expression, a deep, loud voice met their astonished ears.

"I forbid this most unrighteous and criminal procedure! You, base libel on the holy title of reverend, slink back to the den from which you have been exhumed! And you, John Passmore, release that lady, and touch her again at your peril!"

Their astonishment grew to consternation as they turned and saw the man whom they had known as Solomon Gantly, but whose face bore an expression such as they had never seen upon it. Behind him the mirror had swung aside, as if on hinges, and a black and yawning cavity opened in the wall.

Corbin shrank more in wonder at this mysterious opening, than in any dread of the words of the speaker. It seemed to him the act of magic that had thus made a passage through the black wall.

"Who are you, and what mean you?" cried Passmore, in a loud voice. "On what plea do you dare interfere between me and my promised wife."

"On the plea that any good citizen is bound to oppose such a criminal proceeding," said the other, closing the mirror behind him, and moving quickly to the door of the apartment. "If that does not suffice, I will plead the duty of an uncle to protect his niece, of a guardian to protect his ward."

As he spoke he flung his hat to the floor, and with it the false hair and beard that had so long disfigured him. With as quick a movement he divested himself of the coat he had worn as a disguise.

With eyes that seemed starting from their sockets Passmore gazed upon this metamorphosis. His limbs shook, and his lips grew bloodless as he beheld the erect form, and stern, intelligent face of the man he had sought to injure—his employer, Benjamin Willing.

Corbin was the first to recover from his alarm.

"John Passmore," he cried, in sharp, quick tones, "it's the State Prison for us if this man escapes!"

For an instant he crouched like a tiger to his leap. Ere the spring could be made, the deadly barrel of a revolver in the hands of the merchant covered him.

At the same instant a shrill whistle rang through the house as Willing placed his left hand to his lips.

The villainous party in the apartment shrank back as this keen alarm filled their ears, and awaited, with a growing dread, its result.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE DENOUEMENT.

The shrill whistle of the man at bay rang like a call to arms through the card-room below. It produced a most astonishing effect on the inebriated gambling party.

The maudlin spokesman of the party sprang to his feet with all the alacrity of a sober man. The others seemed roused as by magic from their drunken sleep, and leaped excitedly up, with wide-awake eyes and steady limbs.

The loud appeal seemed to have sobered them on the instant.

"Quick, boys!" shouted the leader. "After me!"

With a nimble bound he was out of the room, and half up the first flight of stairs ere the others had passed the door.

Meanwhile the villains above were recovering from their momentary alarm. Passmore and Corbin had produced pistols and covered their antagonist with their deadly muzzles. The door-keeper was sidling toward the door of the apartment, with intent to take Willing unawares.

Alice had sunk back on the sofa, overcome with a momentary revulsion of feeling.

"Three can play at that game, as well as one," said Corbin, with a tantalizing laugh.

"What's your game? Poker?" cried a loud voice without. "Here's a party will take a hand, and can play as good a game of bluff as any cutthroat and burglar in Philadelphia."

And the leader of the card party leaped into the room, pistol in hand, and bareheaded, revealing the earnest and well-known countenance of Wood, the detective.

Behind him the others crowded in.

Without a word, two of the disguised officers advanced to the sides of Passmore and Corbin, laying heavy hands on their shoulders, while they wrested the weapons from their unresisting grasp.

The villains were so completely hemmed in and cowed, that they made no effort to resist, but yielded without a word their trembling forms to the hands of the officers.

"You have about reached the end of your rope," said Wood, in stern tones, giving his assistants a brace of handcuffs, in which they at once confined the wrists of their prisoners, "except it be the hangman's rope; and that is a rope's end that you both richly deserve. Take them down, men," he continued, addressing the officers, who, with no gentle hands, led their prisoners from the room.

The latter made no effort to speak. They were so completely cowed by the sudden and utter downfall of their schemes, that for their lives they could not have muttered a word of reply. Passmore, in particular, was so entirely unprepared for this termination to his plans, that the look of consternation on his countenance resembled idiocy, and he was a pitiable object as with trembling steps he followed the officers from the room.

It is seldom that the tide of successful crime meets with such sudden and complete ebb, and their debased souls shrank in mortal dread from the retribution they had so long and boldly dared.

The fourth person of the card party, the Jim Bludsoe of a former conversation, took no share in these proceedings. He had, outside the room, flung off the cap and other portions of his disguise, and entered with the manly, upright form and engaging face of Harry Graham.

In an instant he was by the side of his betrothed, overturning the slight form of Patsy in his eager entrance.

With eyes whose surprise instantly changed to the deepest joy, Alice recognised the form of her lover, from whom she seemed to have been parted for months.

Heedless of all present, in the exuberance of his happiness, he caught her eagerly to his heart, and impressed the warmest of kisses on her willing lips.

Seated together on the sofa, hand in hand, and eye on eye, they were oblivious to the removal of the prisoners, and only returned to this mundane sphere in response to the hearty voice of Mr. Willing, who called out in accents of mingled raillery and affection.

"Come, Harry Graham, it seems to me that you are going to absorb the girl, body and soul. Haven't you one kiss or embrace, Alice, for your poor old uncle, who so decidedly forbade the banns for you to-day?"

"A dozen, uncle, dear," she cried, giving him a regular Green Mountain hug, and planting a dozen kisses on his lips. "But you are only a new uncle, remember, and this—"

"Is an old lover. Well I will give you back to him then. I know you will be in good hands. Harry, this is a new treasure I have found in my old days. Wear her well, my boy. I know none on whom I would rather bestow her, none who will make as true a husband to a loving wife."

"I have no words for thanks, my kind benefactor," said Harry, pressing the hand of Mr. Willing with a grasp that spoke more than the warmest words.

Alice turned her blushing face away in modest confusion. In doing so she saw Patsy, who stood, with open mouth and staring eyes, eagerly drinking in this scene, with all the earnestness with which he was accustomed to gaze at the thrilling scenes in his favorite plays.

"Here is another of my friends, uncle," she said, "whom I wish you to remember. He has been a bad boy, I fear, but it is more the fault of others than himself. He has befriended me in my imprisonment, and I wish to remove him from the road to crime on which his young feet have already trodden."

"It shall only depend on himself to become a worthy and respected man," said her uncle. "Come, my lad, and you, Alice and Harry, let us leave this place. Mr. Wood will take charge of the house for the present."

"Exactly," replied the detective. "But for the present I must look after my prisoners. I see that the small game which we have not taken the trouble to arrest has slipped from the room. They may between them give my comrades some trouble unless I am on hand."

He need have feared no effort at a rescue. None was made. The criminals were duly landed in the county prison, and safely locked up to await their trial.

This, for Passmore, never came off. His depression was so great that, having managed in some way to get possession of a strong dose of poison, he swallowed it, and ended his base and criminal career with the death of a suicide.

Corbin awaited his trial, and so many strong points were made against him, one of the strongest of which was the poison he had prepared for his visitor, and neglected in his haste to rinse from the glass, that he received a sentence for a very long term of years, which he is yet serving in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

His two associates in the burglary each received sentences of imprisonment much shorter than that of their desperate leader.

A few months from the events above narrated, a wedding took place, at the residence of Benjamin Willing, in which Harry Graham and Alice Worthington were united in the bonds of matrimony.

It was one of the most splendid occasions of the season, and presents and congratulations flowed in a tide on the handsome and attractive couple. The course of their true love has ever since run smooth.

The happy old bachelor, Benjamin Willing, lives with the married couple, and makes them, despite all refusal, partners in that wealth which he vows shall all be theirs when Providence sees fit to cut short the course of his hale existence.

Patsy, the last, and least in size, if not in prominence, of our characters, took a position as errand boy in Mr. Willing's store. He proved as sharp to do good as to do evil, and made most rapid progress in his schooling, of which his employer gave him a plentiful share.

The boy was shrewd enough to perceive the advantages of the educated over the ignorant, and made such strong efforts as to soon become the model boy of his school.

He is now one of the best of Mr. Willing's salesmen, respected by all who know him; and an ever welcome and honored visitant at his house.

THE END.

☞ It is a very cute thing to pinch somebody on the back of the leg, and accompany the movement with a yelp in imitation of a dog. A lank individual tried the trick on a three hundred pound friend, yesterday, and the corpulent person lost his presence of mind and fell back on his tormentor. The lank individual was pried up from the pavement with a new spade, and escorted home on his edge. He is now ravenously fond of dried apples and water, but it is doubtful if he ever comes round again.—*Danbury News.*

☞ Hearing that the great difficulty in suppressing the Boston fire was owing to the French roof, a Harvard student rushed down there with his French grammar, but it was no use, he couldn't make himself heard.

☞ In Tennyson's idyl, Lynette is thus described—

"A damsel of high lineage; and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom;
Hawk eyed; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

"Tip-tilted," we suppose, is poetic for a "pug."

☞ Eating celery is said to cure nervous diseases. It ought to be a popular remedy, for people like to be cured with celerity.

☞ One of the most unique uses to which oxen have been put to is to tow canal-boats. If anything will hurry up steam that will.

☞ A buzz-saw jumped out of an Iowa mill recently, and ran a half mile without stopping to take breath.

☞ Among the many stories told of Mlle. Liebhart's luggage is one that is particularly funny. Her twenty-eight trunks, some of them unstrapped and broken, were carried to Steinway Hall, immediately after her arrival in New York, where Mr. Grau hired a room in which to put them. While he was looking after their removal Leibhart herself appeared, and must have thought Grau was examining the contents, for she struck a wild ballad attitude and exclaimed, "Gott in Himmel, was is das? You break inside my Kleidergestell!" "Oh," says Grau, "I was looking to see which one you had brought your voice in!"

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A CYCLOPÆDIA OF THE BEST THOUGHTS OF CHARLES DICKENS. No. 6. By F. G. FONTAINE. Published by E. J. Hale & Son, 17 Murray street, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price 50 cents a number.

JOHN E. POTTER & Co., Philadelphia, have in press and will shortly publish "POTTER'S COMPLETE BIBLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA;" a Universal Dictionary of Biblical, Ecclesiastical and Historical Information, from the earliest times to the present day. By REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL. D., author of "Blackwood's Comprehensive Aids to the Study of the Holy Bible," etc., etc., with valuable contributions by other eminent divines. Comprised in about 2000 Brevier pages, quarto, with nearly 3000 illustrative engravings.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October. American edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York, and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

HARKNESS'S MAGAZINE for December. Published by John C. Harkness, Wilmington, Delaware.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Western country journal talks learnedly of Rev. Father Pere Hyacinthe.

☞ A community that was always in hot water—the ancient Skalds.

☞ Bill Shanks says that courtship is *bliss*, but matrimony is *blister*.

☞ If the burglars carry off your plate, why is it all right? Because it's not left.

☞ The next great turf event—The race between a nightmare and a clothes-horse.

☞ The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler manufactory, with extra pay, on account of his peculiar faculty.

☞ San Francisco milk is so badly adulterated that the cows blush to think that their names are used to cover so vile a fraud.

☞ "Do you like to go to church?" said a lady to Mrs. Partington.

"Law me! I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

☞ An impatuous lover, of Phœnixville, who resolved to surprise his sweetheart by kissing her as soon as she presented herself at the door after his ringing, embraced his intended mother-in-law, and was only prevented from smothering her with kisses by a pair of scissors piercing the back of his neck. He thinks he made a blunder "buss."—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A scholar in one of the Danbury schools being asked a difficult question, hammered at it for awhile without success, and then pettishly inquired, "Am I hot or cold?" A moment later he was quite hot.

☞ The wiles of woman have caused many a heart to bleed. How sad is the case of a young man who resides in Jersey City. About a month ago he presented that dear little creature with a writing-desk, a lot of note paper, ink and postage stamps. He has discovered that she used his presents in writing to the "other fellow." He now wears a gloomy look and a red necktie, and takes his hash irregular. In the midst of life we are in scrapes.

☞ The famine-stricken editor of the Titusville Press tearfully remarks: "Twenty-five cents each is the price asked for California pears in town, and yet we are told that civilization advances, and that Providence tempers the shorn lamb who cannot raise the wind."

☞ An elderly gentleman, while comfortably enjoying the warmth of his own drawing-room fire, *turned his toes out.* No reason has as yet been assigned for this barbarous cruelty.

☞ A Fort Wayne lover thought he saw his sweetness talking over the gate to a rival, the other night. Lover gathered a boulder and hurled it with true aim at rival's head. Rival's head proved to be a nicely turned globe on the gate-post. Boulder caromed on the head of sweetness. Father gave lover a dose of shot. Fido bit him. The splinters were picked out of sweetness's head, but she declares she will never marry a man who is jealous of a gate-post.

☞ Mrs. Partington does not approve of this new fangled stuff, diabolical acid, but she is highly delighted to see there is an antiseptic.

☞ A faithful minister prayed on Thanksgiving Day for the absent members who were prostrated on beds of sickness and chairs of wellness.

☞ Policemen in Jackson, Michigan, have no comforts in life worth living for. The chief has issued an order that hereafter no member of the force may smoke, drink or sit on dry goods boxes while on duty. And amusing themselves by tickling a cat with a straw will subject them to dismissal.

☞ A Western man set a trap for a weasel and caught his mother-in-law. She would now like her mangled personality made good from his pocket-book.

☞ A Kansas physician lately swallowed a dose of chloral to prove to a patient that it was harmless. It didn't hurt the patient any, but it killed the doctor.


**Symptoms of Liver Complaint and of some of the Diseases produced by it.**

A sallow or yellow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face and other parts of the body; dulness and drowsiness with frequent headache; dizziness, bitter or bad taste in mouth, dryness of throat, and internal heat; palpitation, in many cases a dry teasing cough, with sore throat, unsteady appetite, a rising of food, and a choking sensation in throat; distress, heaviness, or bloated or full feeling about stomach and sides, pain in sides, back or breast, and about shoulders; colic, pain and soreness through bowels, with heat; constipation, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numbness of limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flushes, kidney and urinary difficulties; female weakness and irregularities, with dulness, low spirits, unsociability and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. All who use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for Liver Complaint and its complications are loud in its praise. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 604.

MRS. ELIZA J. RAND, of Concord, Ky., has had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine almost constantly in use for eleven years, and never had any repairs done on it. During the first year she made on it four hundred and twenty different articles, from the very finest to the very heaviest material, including leather. She broke but two needles during the eleven years, and those through carelessness.

# DR. RADWAY'S

## Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

## THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

## PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

nov2-tf

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge.* This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct12-1y

# PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

# THE LADY'S FRIEND.

## BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

**THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.**
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andhurst's Trial," etc.

**UNA AND HER PRINCE.**
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

**A GIRL'S ROMANCE.**
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

**A NOVELET.**
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

**A NOVELET.**
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story." "Hasburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

## FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

## BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

## MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

## SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

**"LITTLE SAMUEL."**

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rules,* to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

**TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.**

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel," $2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel," 5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis), 8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club), 16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at 2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

**TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.**

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the sender of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($2.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Sing of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra,* as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in *all cases,* to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1872.

**TERMS---Always in Advance.**

## "LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

### RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of "PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

### TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $3.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.00 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

☞ BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

**Address H. PETERSON & Co.,**

**No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.**

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

### RENEW SUBSCRIPTIONS EARLY.

We trust that those of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire with the end of the year, will renew as early in December as possible.

So many subscriptions expire at that time, that it is impossible to re-enter them on our books at once, if they are held back to the last moment. Besides, such a great accumulation of work is a cause of frequent errors, as well as of delay.

If those therefore who can make it convenient will renew *early*, they will save us a great deal of trouble, and themselves the danger of there being any break in the regular weekly arrival of their paper.

### ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

In the first paper of January we shall begin a finely written novelette, entitled,

**RAVENSWOOD;**

OR,

**THE RAFTSMEN OF THE DELAWARE.**

BY BURR THORNBURY,

Author of "Skale the Scout," "The Tory Brothers," "Agnes Ayre," Etc., Etc.

The scenes are laid in the midst of the wild and romantic country of the upper Delaware, with which section the author is himself intimately acquainted. It is with great satisfaction we offer our readers this spirited story.

### ENLARGED CLUBS..

Mr. J. O. C., writes us: "I shall endeavor to enlarge my club this year. Last year it was eleven, this year I shall try to double it." We hope all our friends who get up clubs, will try to do the same thing. If they wish sample papers to help them do it, we will forward what they need to them without charge. If our subscription list was doubled, we could make THE POST still better than it is.

OUR PREMIUMS.—Mrs. J. N. L., of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I have received the Silver Plated Cake Basket, and am very much pleased with it. It is very pretty. I will send you another list of subscribers soon."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR BLANKETS.—Newspapers are recommended as a substitute for blankets when one is lacking a supply of the genuine article, or desires a light warm covering on the bed. There is no doubt of the efficacy of these impromptu blankets. They have one slight objection, however—namely, the cold, rustling sound they give forth whenever the occupant of the bed stirs hand or foot. Nevertheless, it is well to know how to use newspapers in an emergency, such as being in a hotel and finding one's self chilly in the night. The papers should be spread between two of the coverings on the bed, and, if one is not restless, the result will be a warm and comfortable night; but tossings and turnings will send out into the chill night air vague, rustling sounds which will remind the nervous of long-forgotten ghost stories.

☞ A French fashion writer says: "Almost every year fashion adds another button to ladies' kid gloves. They will reach to the elbow shortly, as in the days of our grandmothers."

# SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

(We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.)

**Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of our handsome Steel Plate Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," or to the Beautiful Chromo of**

## "LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For 50 subscribers, at $3 each, | a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth | $50.00 |
| For 40 " " | a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth | 40.00 |
| For 40 " " | a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth | 50.00 |
| | or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth | 55.00 |
| | or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth | 80.00 |
| For 30 " " | a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth | 30.00 |
| For 30 " " | a Novelty Printing Press, worth | 30.00 |
| For 20 " " | a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth | 20.00 |
| For 14 " " | a Doty's Washing Machine, worth | 14.00 |
| For 12 " " | a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth | 12.00 |
| | or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth | 12.00 |
| | or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth | 12.00 |
| For 10 " " | a Silver-plated Castor, worth | 10.00 |
| For 9 " " | a set of Parlor Billiards, worth | 9.00 |
| | or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth | 10.00 |
| | or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth | 10.00 |
| | or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth | 9.00 |
| For 5 " " | a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth | 4.50 |
| For 4 " " | a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth | 4.00 |
| For 4 " " | a set of Parlor Quoits, worth | 3.00 |
| For 2 " " | One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth | 1.75 |

### GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For 5 subscribers at $3 each, | No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth | 4.00 |
| For 6 " " | Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth | 4.50 |

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

### PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For 3 subscribers at $3 each, | One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth, | 2.50 |
| | or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each | 1.25 |
| For 5 " " | One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 6 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth | 4.50 |

### PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For 5 subscribers, at $3 each, | Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, ivory tip, worth | 4.00 |
| For 4 " " | Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Ovalhandle, Ivory tip, worth | 3.75 |
| For 5 " " | One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth | 3.75 |

### HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For 12 subscribers, at $3 each, | Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth | 16.00 |
| For 10 " " | Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth | 9.00 |
| For 3 " " | One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth | 7.00 |

### HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For 3 subscribers, at $3 each, | One Set Tea Spoons, Extra Plate, worth | 2.25 |
| For 5 " " | " " " Triple " " | 4.00 |
| For 6 " " | " " Dessert " Extra " " | 4.25 |
| For 8 " " | " " " Triple " " | 6.50 |
| For 7 " " | " " Table " Extra " " | 5.50 |
| For 10 " " | " " " Triple " " | 8.25 |
| For 6 " " | " " Forks, Extra " " | 5.50 |
| For 10 " " | " " " Triple " " | 8.25 |
| For 4 " " | A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth | 2.00 |
| For 6 " " | One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth | 5.50 |

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

## OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. ☞ *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

## REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be *new* subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place, or the dollar may be deducted from the amount due us.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

**NOTE.**—The price for which we offer THE POST and our beautiful CHROMO (or a Steel Engraving) to our yearly subscribers is just the same that all the first-class Literary Weeklies charge FOR THEIR PAPERS ALONE.

In other words, those who subscribe to The Post will get not only (to speak modestly) as good a paper, but either of our beautiful Premium Pictures besides.

Those that canvass for new subscribers should not forget this fact.

## LETTERS FROM ZIG.

## A PIECE OF FOOLISHNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Last year, a promising young couple were happily wedded in our neighborhood. They immediately went bravely off away out to the Far West, ever so far West. They were going to "grow up with the country." Such a fortune as they were going to make. Oh, dear! Such a big, beautiful paradise of a home as they were to have—you don't know, and you can't imagine. Such a big talk as they made about it, too.

It's all very well to talk—especially when you don't do anything else.

And a year is plenty long enough to try the stuff out of which folks are made, and to find it oftentimes very poor stuff, too. In less than a year this promising young couple sneaked sheep-facedly back to the poor little shabby country village from whence they took their rise, and the was-to-have-been Western millionaire is perambulating the country in the capacity of one of those abominable, good-for-nothing sewing-machine agents, while his lovely bride mourns his absence in two little rooms over a corner-grocery. They've come back and squatted down at home, and there they'll stay to die, and bad luck to 'em for a couple of dunces! They'll live on in a sort of half-starved, remarkable-for-nothing-in-particular way, till their time comes, and then they'll just naturally drop out of the world, without having done any good in it to themselves or anybody else. What was the reason they didn't remain in the Far West and make their fortune? It was Homesickness. These two young geese hadn't the pluck and the back-bone to stay in the West till they ceased being homesick for the shabby little old town they had left behind.

It appears to me sometimes that I'd rather see anybody downright bad than babyish. Somehow a body doesn't get so sickened out with wickedness as with weakness. A weak, unsteadfast spirit is such a despisable thing.

How many and many a fair fortune has been spoilt just as these two babies spoilt theirs! I must have known in my time as many as a hundred people to start after fame and fortune in that same way, with fair hopes and reasonably bright prospects before them, bright as anybody could expect in this disappointing world, and, bless your heart! they would set up a whine and turn around and run back like a stray puppy the moment they got out of sight of home. And I've noticed that just as sure as they do that, they never in their mortal lives amount to row of pins. Now I have a "despise" for that sort of folks. I don't know what they are made for. It is a noble, beautiful feeling to cherish a love and tenderness for the dear old nest which one has outgrown, and it's the silliest thing in nature to hang around it like a gosling when you can go off and make a bigger and better nest of your own. Some folks are goslings all their lives, though. It is a creditable thing to anybody to *feel* homesick, but it is a most babyish, contemptible thing to give way to the feeling and run back home.

In nine cases out of ten, people who have their fortunes to carve out for themselves will do better away from home than at home. It is a most happy and enviable state of existence when one is far enough away from one's relations not to quarrel with 'em. It's no use talking, relations always do quarrel. I never saw any that didn't, and I don't believe you ever did either. When they are inconveniently close together, they crowd one another, punch one another with their elbows, hinder one another, and quarrel like fury. So it's better to be apart. Especially since the world is wide enough for us all. And one's best friends respect him ten times more if he has the clear grit in him to go away from them and make his own brave way in the world. The very faces which we long for so frantically will light up all the more lovingly if we stay away from them long enough and work hard enough to win success. The very people whom we are so crazy to go back to, won't thank us for coming to squat around home and hang upon them again, when we went away to win our fortunes. I've noticed that. And they will never, never cease to cast it into our teeth about our wild-goose chase. You see it's always a wild-goose chase if you don't succeed. If you do, ah! that's something very different.

A whining, homesick person is ten degrees worse than a howling baby, and not to be put up with at all, and oughtn't to be put up with. And so I say, when a person leaves home to make his fortune in this world, unless he is sure beforehand that he has in him the pluck to stay out in the world and work with a steadfast heart, and bear many a cuff from folks he'd like to kick but daren't—he'd better stay at home in ignoble insignificance and hug his ancestral door-posts till he dies. But whatsoever good work you set about, at home or abroad, oh, brave, plucky Friend:

Never give up!

ZIG.

## THE PIANO NUISANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR—I have chosen the above title for a short article upon a subject which I have felt for some time ought to be brought under public notice, trusting that you will give it a place in your popular and widely-circulated paper, in the hope that it may in some measure tend to alleviate the miseries of a numerous class of individuals who fail to find protection in any quarter from the hard-hearted and unfeeling multitude engaged at hours, seasonable and unseasonable, in pummelling that instrument of social torture, yclept the piano. I had occasion lately to visit on business, after an absence of several years, the little village where I had formerly lived, and as a matter of course my old friend Stebbins invited me home with him to dinner, which invitation I gladly accepted, as Stebbins's family and mine had been on terms of great intimacy in the "days of auld lang syne." Had I dreamed of what was in store for me I should certainly have declined his hospitality, though starvation had stared me in the face.

Mrs. S., a fair, matronly woman of forty, and Julia Ann, her daughter, who since I last saw her had blossomed into a stylish young lady of sixteen, gave me a cordial welcome. Everything passed off pleasantly until after dinner was over, when Mr. and Mrs. S. proposed to adjourn to the parlor, where Julia Ann, who had been taking lessons on the piano, would give us some music. I had a presentiment of coming evil, but allowed myself to be led like a lamb to the slaughter. Julia Ann pleaded a severe cold, and for a moment I indulged the vain hope that I should escape, but only for a moment, for Julia Ann could favor (?) me with an instrumental piece, and Julia Ann did! It was composed by some Dutchman with an unpronounceable name, and began with a sound like heavy thunder. Boom—boom—boom—down on the bass strings with both hands, then a chromatic run the whole length of the key-board to the upper end, where a skirmishing took place among the small strings. Pink, pink, pink—tiddley-tiddley—tiddle-pink-pink. Then heavy firing on the extreme left. Boom—boom—boom—moving off in a spasmodic, jerky kind of exercise, without harmony or time, which lasted about twenty-five minutes, as near as I could judge, when Julia Ann's physical strength having become completely exhausted, she brought the entertainment to a close by giving four tremendous thumps in rapid succession about the middle of the machine; then hesitating a few seconds, as if to gather strength for a last final struggle, she planted a terrific blow with both hands at once, producing a sound between the screech of a locomotive and that of a Comanche Indian.

Of course I had to praise Julia Ann's performance out of courtesy, "you know," (it beats all how people will fib out of courtesy) as her mother assured me that Julia Ann had only taken one term, and I inwardly wished she had never taken the first lesson. As I bade them good-day and emerged into the open air, the feelings I experienced I imagine to be akin to those of a culprit who is reprieved after the rope has been adjusted around his neck. I will merely say in conclusion that my experience is that of hundreds of fellow-sufferers.

ONE OF THE LARKENSES.

## SHADOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDITH BOUTILER.

What wondrous forms have the vanished taken,
The loved who have fled before us?
When their eyes to the things immortal waken,
When their souls from their earthly dross are shaken,
When unseen they hover o'er us,

Do they shine in the cloudlet's drifted snow?
Do they gleam in the sunset's splendor?
Or flit they above us with wings drooped low,
Peopling space as they come and go,
With shadowy forms and slender?

When twilight curtains the face of day,
When hours of toil are ending,
When beams of gold with the shadows play
In the western glow, in the vapors gray,
I can see them earthward bending.

Thronging our dreams with their faces blest,
Silently hovering o'er us,
Vainly we clasp to our longing breast
Spirits of those we love the best,
Souls who have fled before us.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST—I know it is not an evidence of an even temper and a kind, satisfied disposition, to be always grumbling about the weather, but it seems to me the "hot waves" and "cold waves" of which "Old Probabilities" prates are distressingly severe. I was out in one of them the other day, and to speak honestly and emphatically, it was *cold*.

Oh! how I did wish I was a man. Not that it would have moderated the weather one bit if a transformation of that kind had taken place, but I could have done as men do—go in somewhere and took "suthin'" warming. I never saw gentlemen have so much business on hand as they had during that wave; nearly every block they had to stop and see a man.

But as usual the intense cold was succeeded by an atmosphere balmy as spring. The soft south wind did not come to us laden with the odor of flowers or the sweet scent of new-mown hay, but it kissed the dimpled cheek of beauty and lifted the light curls from the brow of innocence—or would have done so if they had not been securely pinned down. After this came the usual flurry of snow and the succeeding "horrible filth in the street." Nobody likes Broadway mud, it is too black. Ladies are particularly opposed to it, and in the present state of fashions they dislike it wonderfully. I think they have seen it fully demonstrated within the last week that trailing dresses and a good, genuine "thaw" are not suited to each other. Stage steps and street crossings are not good for ruffled skirts either, no matter how white they are, while just one promenade will effectually ruin the best kid boot ever invented. I don't know what they are going to do. It's no use to advise everybody to keep a carriage and ride in it whenever they have any shopping on hand; there is not one in ten that would pay any attention to it.

So the question naturally arises, what are we to do with our long dresses and long ruffled skirts? I have heard it argued that there is no "style" about a short dress—that long skirts are the product of enlightenment and civilization. In that case "civilization is a failure" sloppy days. Individually, alone, myself, I don't think there is much style about a short dress, and upon my honor as a reporter of fashions, I must say I couldn't see much style the other day about the long ones after the wearers had crossed three or four streets. They could not hold them up very well; they were too heavy with mud. Besides, with a muff and umbrella and shopping-bag and shawl, one can't have such entire freedom of the hands as they would like. But after all this, don't for sweet Charity's sake get the impression that all ladies wear long skirts. They don't do it. Just about half of us are too thoroughly independent to be inveigled into any such fashion; besides, haven't we said over and over again that short skirts were an institution we were in favor of, and no matter if they were discarded by "Christian and Turk," we would never again, no *never*, NEVER make our appearance on the public thoroughfare on a rainy day with a dress *en train*? Of course we have; and like a fellow in the glue trade, we mean to stick to it. (A very faint smile should come in at *stick*.) So, when we don our street habiliments our skirts don't drag; we have them so they will just nicely touch at the sides and back, which is, to be right honest, infinitely worse than though they trailed a yard. Very long skirts stay down in the mud, where they belong, and commit no depredations, while skirts such as we who follow Fashion at a distance wear, are particularly sprightly about distributing moist earth upon everything with which they come in contact; and they generally manage to come in contact with everything we have on pretty nearly.

There is a rumor in the air that the old fashion of festooning the dress over gay Balmoral skirts is to be revived, and I am half inclined to believe it. It is a bad fashion, and goes about as far toward ruining handsome dresses as does street-sweeping; and it is not graceful and becoming, except when taken in connection with tilting hoops; and it is not at all probable we shall be favored with those again. And speaking of hoops, it may not be amiss to remark that they are worn a trifle larger than formerly—*i. e.*, last season. They are now in general use, both for home and street, and I must say the ladies present a much more graceful appearance than they did with their clothes clinging like the drapery on Grecian statues. The clinging effect was supposed to be considerably helped when the *tournure* came like a pestilence upon us; but to an artist eye the evil, instead of being lessened, was made a hundred times more apparent; and as a few of the acknowledged leaders happened to have artist eyes—(and by that I don't mean *glass* ones)—they dragged the "skeleton" from their closets and put it on. And they saw that it was good. It is a little troublesome sometimes, especially so in crowded cars and stages, though strange to say, it does not trouble the *wearer* half as much as it does her fellow-travellers, especially if she happens to be one of the indifferent kind that goes on the principle that the city owes her a place in the street cars and she is going to have it, no matter who is inconvenienced by her hoops. And now I am going to say another thing that I know will not be very well received. I would not be the one to inaugurate any such enterprise, and, in fact, am thoroughly opposed to it; but it looks very much as though those big-bell hoops were to be re-established. I have heard mutterings to that effect, and in public gatherings I have heard it confidentially stated, by several fashionable ladies, that they never looked so well in their lives as when those immense hoops were worn; while one pale, "carniverous" little creature in a drab dress, innocent of flounce or overskirt, solemnly asserted, while tears gathered slowly in her mild blue eyes, that she was certain she never would have won dear Alphonse in this world only for that fashion. He did not make sufficient allowance for the size of her hoops, she said, and when he found out there wasn't anything else of her, it was too late. She had got him fast, and no matter how much her fish might flop and flounder, there was no danger of his escaping. Happy state of things, I thought. Another large, fleshy woman, laughingly, (Why do fleshy people always laugh? Conundrum No. 1), related a precisely similar experience. It was a parallel case, only her admirer made too *much* allowance for hoops, and made no bones of telling her so after marriage. She said he thought her a fine, queenly-looking woman, but had no idea she weighed three hundred pounds—supposed it was all hoops, and things. She treated it as a good joke, but it was plain she was rather anxious for the same fashion—she had landed *her* trout also—but she wanted other people to think it was all hoops, and things.

This may argue nothing, but the manufacturers, who have sat moodily sucking their thumbs for the last three years, and confounding the caprices of femininity, are brightening up, and are employing agents to go about in the highways and by-ways to solicit orders; and one of those who led the trade in this city a few years ago, told me, in the most assured manner, only yesterday, that the manufacture of hoop-skirts would be carried on to a greater extent during the next five years than it had ever been since the days of Adam. He did not seem to care to date any farther back than that, and as I did not press the point, the subject was dropped. He said, however, that he had a new idea by which all the inconveniences of the present style of hoops could be avoided. I tried to find out something about it, that I might be the the first to make it public, but the old gentleman was too smart. He said it was an invention of his own, and he could not say anything about it until it was patented.

He is an enterprising duck—*drake* I should have said—and I have no doubt his idea is a good one; anyway, we can depend upon its having the stamp of originality.

## A LOVER'S ANSWER.

An early rose, a late rose—
What does it matter, sweet,
Since all the lovely petals
Are scattered at your feet?
An early rose is of the dawn, dewy, fleeting, bright;
A late rose is of the noon, a lingering delight.

First love, last love—
What does it matter, dear,
Since for your maiden grace it pleads
In tender faith and fear?
First love is of the dawn, dreamy, fleeting, bright;
Last love is of the noon, life's lingering delight.

## KRISS KINGLE'S APPEAL TO THE CHILDREN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BERTHA.

Well, children, I guess it's hardly necessary to tell you what my name is. You all know a short, fat little body like me, with plump, rosy cheeks, and a funny little puckered-up mouth and a bright red nose. You all know who is perpetually laughing and making fun. You all know who wears that queer little cap, old fur coat, and who smokes the oddest imaginable pipe. And last, but by no means least, as that little fellow knows, you can all tell who comes every Christmas in a little sleigh drawn by reindeer, and who carries an immense bag of toys and goodies.

Law me! what's all that noise? Oh, yes, it's ever so many little girls and boys shouting "Hurrah for Kriss Kingle!" at the top of their voices.

Well, Annie, what is it you have to whisper in my ear so confidentially? Oh, what a wise little maid you are! Say, children, what will you give to know what Annie said to me? Well, listen then, and I will tell you.

She says I must know a great deal about people, having travelled so much, and wants to know if I was ever a baby. A pretty baby I must have been! Just imagine what kind of a baby I would make!

Well, yes, dears, strange as it may seem, I was once a baby, but, oh dear me! that was ages and ages ago. I was born in Germany, but, in my dear native land, they don't seem to think children ever grow, for they think of me *as a baby yet!* They don't know what a man I have made since I came to this lovely country.

I don't doubt but I have many friends, both old and young, but I don't remember more than one of them ever calling me a fraud. Called your darling Kriss Kingle a fraud, Willie? Yes, dear, she did—and it did me good, too, for it set me a thinking.

I'll just tell you how it was. Some time ago, a few days before one Christmas, as I was out of an evening making up my packs, I saw a handsome sleigh coming along. It was drawn by two splendid black horses, and was well supplied with fur robes. The only occupant was a beautiful young lady, or rather little girl, for she seemed scarcely more than a child. As soon as she saw me, she stopped, and beckoned me to come to her. As soon as I got to her side, she cried, in an excited, nervous manner,

"Kriss Kingle, you're a fraud!"

"What!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, you are," she said. "You're just as mean as you can be! You bring all the handsome, costly presents to the rich, and the miserable ones to the poor! Why don't you behave more justly, and give the best to those who need it most?"

"Why, don't I?" I said, "I will do better this time. But I have not the power, always, to do as I want."

"Then," she cried, "I'll help you. I will do without my share altogether, if you give it to some one who needs it more."

And she drove away.

Then I thought and pondered. If there were more who had courage to deny themselves as she did, how much happier our Christmases might be! I saw my injustice in laying out so much for the rich little boys and girls, and so little for the poor ones, who, perhaps, deserve it better.

As for this spirited little girl, I did not forget her entirely, though I laid out her handsome gold watch in coal for several poor families, and her promised furs in many little comforts for others. Though she got neither watch nor furs, yet she was happy in a pretty work-box, and a volume of poems, and best of all, in the consciousness of a good deed.

And now, dears, how many of you would like me to act more justly this Christmas?

Oh, I am glad to see so many hands up! But, remember, you will all have to do without some long-anticipated gift, some little happiness I had planned for you. You will get less in your stockings, but will gain the happiness that virtuous self denial alone can give. And think of the pleasure that you will give others. You will lose nothing in enjoyment, but others will gain. And Kriss will act justly for once in his life.

Good-bye, dears—you will hear from me on Christmas morning.

## A Few Words to "Zig."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—Will you allow me a small place in your excellent paper in which to express a few sentiments to "Zig." I like "Zig's" communications as a general thing, though of course I disagree with her on some points. I read her piece on "heads of a family" some months ago, and now her "reply to Daisy Burns." Such "heads of families" as those Zig speaks of, are certainly disagreeable enough, and I am glad there is no such "head" in *our* family; but such a head as I commend, even Zig would love, if she could for a short time be an inmate of our little household. Zig says she "never needed anything to lean upon except a bed or a good easy rocking-chair," and that "they never get tired of being leaned upon like a man does." Now Zig is a happy woman, in that respect, for this plainly proves that she is a woman of a great amount of self-reliance; and as "Glen Carrol" says, "I believe in self-assured people."

But all women are not of Zig's stamp, and many of them are timid, and know not how to battle with the world, and stand up for their rights, and it is such women as these who feel the need of a strong arm to lean upon, and blessed is she who has it; for some women—and noble women too, are crushed to the earth by unkindness, and have no one to take their part. In such a family as Zig's, I suppose there is no need of any particular head, for in one of her former communications she speaks of only three or four members of her family, and as though they were persons of maturity, hence able to act for themselves. But suppose such a family as mine, composed of a husband, wife and small children, to say nothing of servants—what is such a family as this, without a *head?* I have lived in families where there was no head, and I felt continually that there was a void—a lack of something essential. The husband a weak man, who failed to command the respect of his family, and the wife lazy and inefficient, and all power given over to a throng of unruly children and servants. And *such* a life as they all led! a perfect state of Anarchy!

But, turn from that scene of strife to another household, presided over by a *head;* and he, a Christian gentleman, a loving husband and father; and by his side a loving wife, who strives to hold up his hands, and be to him a help-meet indeed. Here, all is blended in sweetest harmony, and his wife and children feel that they have a strong arm to lean upon, and one who will stand between them and the rude world.

No need of deceit in this home, for the wife knows that if she has erred in judgment (and who does not?) she has only to tell all her trouble to the patient husband by her side, and, instead of blaming her, he draws her to his side, and, with an arm around her, says, "Never mind, little wife, we will know better next time, won't we?" And then all the feeling of trouble is gone, dispelled by the comforting words of this dear head. Who, with such a home as this, would be without a "head of a family?" This is no fancy sketch, but a blessed reality.

"ROBERTA."

## I AM WEARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NANNIE.

"I am weary," says the poor wife, as she performs her daily round of duties. Her work is never done. From morn till eve she has to work, *work!* And when, after she has heard the little ones say "Our Father," and snugly tucked them in their low bed, she seats herself in her rocking-chair, there is the full work-basket to claim her attention. There is Johnny's coat, and Mary's dress, and baby's apron. No time to read! no time to write! no time to think! but all is ceaseless toil.

"I am weary," says the husband, as he sits in his counting-room, poring over that long column of figures, and remembers that ere another day the red flag of the auctioneer will wave from his dwelling, and his wife and children be homeless.

"I am weary," sighs the pale seamstress, as she bends over her sewing, and the hectic flush, the hacking cough and dim eye, tell plainer than words that she is "passing away."

"I am weary," moans the widow, and she hugs her little ones yet closer to her heart, as she remembers that Winter is coming, and no wood or clothes.

"I am weary," cries the orphan. "The roads are long and drear, and I am all alone." Thou art *not* alone, afflicted one. A Father guides thy trembling steps. His watchful love gleams from thy Heavenly home, and he will show thee the Ark of Safety.

"I am weary," sighs the teacher, as she "puts things to rights" in the little school-room, and then takes her slate and pencil to solve those tiresome problems. No wonder that x, y and z become mix edwith angles, triangles and circles, and that nouns, verbs and prepositions dance a cotillion before her mental vision. With an "Oh! I am *so* weary!" she places her head upon her pillow, not to sleep, but to toss about, and wonder if Mr. J. will be very angry because she punished his son, and if Michael and James will go quietly home, or have another pugilistic exercise.

"I am weary," sighs the perplexed editor, as he puzzles his brain over the illy-written letter of some belligerent subscriber, and wonders "why people *will* write with a lead pencil." The stifling air that comes in at the open window scarcely lifts the damp hair from off his heated brow. He presses his hands to his throbbing temples, and tries to collect his wandering thoughts. But they have journeyed to the dear old home, where the grass is greenest, where the birds sing sweetest, and where the little brook goes murmuring by, forever singing the same sweet song. He wonders if the sky is as blue, the roses as fragrant, and the water of the old well as cool, as they used to be when, a merry, laughing boy, he kneeled at his sainted mother's side and repeated his evening prayer. He longs to escape from the dust and smoke and heat of the great city, and with his head resting upon the soft grass of his mother's grave, to dream *one* day away.

And thus it is! Ever weary! Ever longing for rest! Poor child of Earth, there is a sweet, sweet home, where thou shalt fold thy wings and rest! Listen to the words of One who spoke in accents sweeter than ever fell from mortal lips: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Rest for the weary! Toiling wife, anxious husband, pale seamstress, mourning widow, lonely orphan, sorrowing teacher, perplexed editor, *there* is rest, for in our "Father's house are many mansions," and Jesus has said, "I go to prepare a place for you."

"Onward, faint heart, thou hast a God to guide thee,
E'en midnight time it shall be as the day,
In the pavilion of His love He'll hide thee,
Till cloud and storm, till gloom and darkness flee away."

*Atchison, Kansas.*

☞ A Western paper states that a Terra Haute boy of tender years and heart has drowned seventeen kittens, tied pans to the tails of nine dogs, brushed his father's new silk hat against the grain, and blowed up a pet canary with a fire-cracker in the last month, and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.

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## NOVEMBER.

BY ALICE CARY.

Oh, winds! ye are blowing too rough, too rough,
Thrilling and chilling too soon the hours,
And the summer has not been long enough
For all your beauty, my flowers! my flowers!
Not half, not half, of long enough
For all your beauty, my dear, dear flowers.

Oh, frosts! ye are falling too soon on the leaf,
Dulling the grasses and dimming the groves,
And the summer has been too brief, too brief,
For all your cooing, my doves, my doves!
Too brief, the summer has been too brief,
For all your cooing and wooing, my doves!

Oh, waters! hold to your fountains fast,
Nor faithless fly from the sedge-sown nooks,
And the summer has gone too fast, too fast,
For all your sweetness, my brooks, my brooks!
Too fast, the summer has gone too fast
For all your ringing and singing, my brooks!

Oh, clovers, clovers! keep to your red
And stick your little leaves gray with dew;
Too early the summer shades are fled,
For all your meaning, my insect crew—
Aye, all too early, summer has fled
For all your droning, my insect crew!

Oh, wane from your roundness not, fair moon,
But make the land with your brightness bright,
And the summer has gone too soon, too soon,
For all my joy because of the light—
Too soon, the summer has gone too soon
For all my joy because of the light!

Ah! colder, closer, the shadow slides,
And leaning eastward the daisy stands,
Like one o'erreaching the icy tides
To catch the touches of loving hands—
Aye, reaching to catch, o'er the closing tides,
The last warm touch of the loving hands.

And the daisy will die, and the waning moon
Will fall in the sky, and the murmurous grove
Stand hushed, and my life will be o'er too soon,
For all of my joy because of His love,
Who made the land, and the leaves and the moon,
And all that is fair with the light of His love.

# THE CHILTON ESTATE;

## OR,

# Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSEMAID.

Nobody came nigh the girls again that night—not even Jane Burke.

Some time during the next day, the slatternly housemaid, Tabitha, came tiptoeing into the room.

"Hush," she said with her finger on her lip. "Nobody don't know I'm here. You mustn't speak a loud word."

Claudia stared hard into the girl's stolid face.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because I've stolen missus' key, and come up here on my own hook."

She grinned horribly and winked as she said this.

"I don't understand," persisted Claudia, conquering her repugnance sufficiently to continue speaking to the housemaid. "Why are you here?"

"I've come to help you," was the whispered answer—

"To help us?"

Hetty's eyes met those of Claudia. Doubt and distrust were plainly expressed in both.

"Ay, to help you. I've got some little feeling left," and here she wiped her eyes with the corner of the apron she had on. "I can't bear to see two pretty dears a sufferin' when I can give 'em a little help. I really can't."

Claudia rose up eagerly. Her forlorn condition would not permit her to eject any friend, however humble.

"Do you really mean it?" the cried. "Are you going to stand by us in our extremity?"

"Indeed I am, miss."

"Oh, thank God! Be a friend to us now and you shall never regret it. I am rich and can reward you well."

"It ain't the reward I'm after," sniffled Tabitha, turning away her face—

"Of course it is not."

"My heart bled for you yesterday, poor deare. But I had to obey my missus. I laid awake nearly all night through, thinkin', and cryin' over you; and this mornin' I said to myself I'll do something to help them poor angels, and I will."

"What can you do?" asked Hetty, somewhat coldly, for she did not wholly trust the girl's sincerity.

Tabitha looked uneasily away.

"Missus trusts me," she said at last in the sharp whisper she had used all along. "I could get the keys, and let you out o' the house, I'm sure I could."

"Oh, will you?" cried Claudia.

"Of course I will, my dear. I can't and won't see you suffer, let what will come of my interference. Only wait until to-night and you shall see what I'll do."

"Be very careful."

"Yes, yes. I know."

Hetty looked up quickly, at this point. "Was it really Mr. James Chilton who came here yesterday?" she asked.

Tabitha hesitated, and changed color.

"Yes, miss," she answered, with evident reluctance.

"Why did he go away without seeing his niece?"

"Master told him that Miss Claudia was not here."

Claudia uttered a moan of despair.

"Just heaven. Did he tell him that?"

"Yes, miss. He said you and missus were gone away to the seashore together."

"And Uncle James believed him?"

"Of course he did, miss."

"Oh, God help us!"

"Don't take on so, miss," pleaded the housemaid, for Claudia was now wildly wringing her hands. "I'll let you out to-night if it can be done, and then you can go straight to your uncle."

Tabitha heard, or thought she heard a step approaching, for she said "hush!" suddenly, and then stepped quickly and softly out at the door and locked it behind her.

Hetty and Claudia were tortured with suspense as the hours wore on. They knew not what to expect, what to hope for. They were not sure that the housemaid could be trusted at all.

If she failed them their last earthly prop was gone.

It must have been past eleven that night when a rustling sound came along the passage, and a moment afterward Tabitha thrust her head in at the door.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Yes, and waiting," Claudia answered, her heart beating fast.

"Then come out quickly. The coast is clear, I reckon."

The girls quickly obeyed. Tabitha's cautious manner inspired confidence. They could not see her face, for there was no light in the passage.

"Now God be with us," breathed Claudia.

Tabitha took a hand of each. "Now keep close to me," she said. "If we meet anybody we must all crouch flat against the wall, and maybe they'll pass us in the darkness. Anyhow it's our only chance."

She began to move onward as she spoke. The three groped their way to the end of the passage, and then turned into another branching off from it at right angles.

Tabitha led the way. They were far down this second passage when Hetty suddenly paused.

"We are leaving the staircase behind," she said. "This is not the way out."

"There's a back staircase in this part of the house," Tabitha returned, impatiently. "Come on, why don't you? It's the safest way out. That's why I chose it."

"Yes, let us go on," whispered Claudia, but she was beginning to tremble with a new dread and horror.

They moved on again. This time it seemed to Hetty that she could hear the housemaid chuckling softly to herself. She grew suddenly fearful of the darkness that surrounded them.

They passed through a door presently. Tabitha clapped it sharply together, and a key clicked in the lock. While Hetty and Claudia stood dumbfounded and trembling a match was struck, and a sudden flash of light illuminated the apartment.

Mr. Chilton stood before them, dark, stern and malignant.

The room which had been so suddenly lighted up was very small, and had no visible means of egress save by the door itself.

"Betrayed!" cried Claudia, in a voice of utter despair.

Mr. Chilton and Tabitha exchanged glances. Then both broke into a sneering laugh.

"It looks very much like it," said the former.

"You must have been simple to think I'd go back on my own master and missus who pay me so well for what I do for 'em," muttered the housemaid, dropping her eyes to avoid meeting the indignant glances bent upon her.

Hetty said nothing. She ran to the window and lifted the curtain. An iron network, evidently but freshly fitted to the sash, met her horrified gaze.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped.

She staggered backward, blinded and sick with despair. Her fingers were clasped tightly over her temples. There she stood for several seconds, glaring all round like a mad woman.

At last she grew a trifle calmer. Lifting the curtain for the second time, and pressing her face close against the net-work, she tried to look out.

The night was too dark to distinguish objects at all clearly. But she saw enough to convince her that this was the rear of the building.

Then she suddenly realized why such a deception had been practiced upon herself and Claudia. It was to get them so far away from the front of the house that they would find no opportunity to appeal to chance visitors. Here they were cut off from all hope of human aid.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

DANGER IN THE DARK.

While detailing the strange events that were transpiring at Chilton Villa, we have been quite neglectful of Roland Trevor's interests, and must now turn back a little in the progress of our story, that we may make amends.

Eustace Chilton had made very hard conditions with the young man—hard for an impetuous lover, I mean—when he bound him to refrain from seeing or writing to Claudia for two whole months.

Roland thought over the conditions until he became thoroughly uneasy. They seemed absurd and unwarranted to him. He finally grew suspicious.

"*Was* it to test Claudia's love for me and mine for her, that Mr. Chilton made these conditions?" he said to himself, over and over again. "I would give my right hand to be satisfied upon these points."

Suspense and anxiety almost made him ill. He grew pale and thin.

At last, when he could endure the uncertainty no longer, he went one night to the neighborhood of Chilton Villa, and wandered all night long just outside the grounds.

Mindful of the promise he had given, he did not seek to enter the house. But he hoped to fall in with one of the servants whom he might question.

However, he saw nobody, though once or twice he seemed to hear footsteps behind him, as if somebody was secretly following him.

The next night he was back again, more anxious and fearful than ever. On this occasion he approached nearer the gate than he had done before, and saw the two men Mr. Chilton had stationed there.

The sight of these men filled him with a strange terror. Why were they there! They seemed like sentinels. What was there to guard in a gentleman's private residence such as Chilton Villa?

He crept back into the road, trembling all over. He stood for many minutes pondering on what he had seen.

At last a step sounded on the gravel. He saw a man's dark figure approaching.

His mind was made up in a moment. He ran forward and dropped his hand upon the man's arm.

"Did you come from that house yonder?" he demanded, pointing toward Chilton Villa.

The man drew back, as if very much surprised at being thus accosted.

"Yes," he answered, gruffly and somewhat reluctantly.

"You are one of the servants?"

"I am."

Roland uttered a cry of joy.

"Then you are just the person I wish to see." He felt for his pocket-book and thrust a crisp greenback into the man's hand. "I wish to ask you a question or two. May I?"

"Of course."

The man spoke quite graciously this time, and Roland gathered courage to ask:

"Is Miss Claudia Chilton now at Chilton Villa?"

The answer did not come for several seconds.

"She is," said the man, in a low voice.

"You think she is quite happy there?"

"I don't know anything to the contrary."

"If you do, for God's sake tell me," cried Roland, impulsively. "If you have the slightest suspicion of anything wrong, I conjure you to tell me."

"But I haven't," was the sullen answer. "I don't know what you mean by such insinuations. Mr. Chilton is a gentleman. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Roland, and feeling very chop-fallen, he suffered the man to proceed on his way.

"I have made a fool of myself," he thought. "Of course Claudia is safe and happy with her uncle. Why should I give way to this silly distrust?"

He returned to the city, fully resolved to wait patiently and hopefully until the two months of probation should come to an end.

In spite of all his efforts, however, the spirit of unrest was strong upon him.

The following night found him wandering from street to street in the city. He would not yield to the impulse to hover again about Chilton Villa, and sought to walk off his excitement in this manner.

It grew late—very late. The streets were nearly deserted now. He had wandered into a most disreputable quarter of the city. He was thinking of seeking his hotel when he saw, just before him, a figure pass into one of the beer-gardens that abound in the lower half of the Bowery.

He caught a momentary glimpse of the man's face, and it reminded him of Reginald Chilton.

Obeying a sudden impulse, he followed this man into the room.

There were the usual number of dissipated, evil-looking men hanging about the tables. The air was redolent with the smell of gin and bad whisky. Much loud talking, thickly interspersed with oaths, was going on.

The man Roland had followed was better dressed than any of the rest. He seemed out of place in such a den, but threw himself into a chair and called for a whisky-punch like most of his companions.

Roland looked at him keenly. He had seen Reginald Chilton only once, but this man certainly bore a striking resemblance to him! Was it really he, in this low resort?

The young man found himself struggling between two convictions. There was no gleam of recollection in the stranger's eyes as he turned them, now and then, in his direction. Surely Reginald would not have forgotten him so soon.

He finished his glass, and rose up to depart. Roland glided to the doorway, and waited for him.

"I think you and I have met before," he said, fixing his eyes straight upon him as he approached.

The man stopped, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You must be mistaken, sir, I have no recollection of you."

"Are you not Reginald Chilton?"

"No," was the cold answer. "My name is Foster. Let me pass, if you please."

Roland stared hard at him. That dark, handsome face, with its brilliant black eyes! Surely he could not be mistaken.

"You *are* Reginald Chilton!" he cried, impetuously.

The man shrugged again, smiling with an air of cold politeness.

"Call me what you like, sir. I will answer to the name rather than take the trouble to dispute you."

"I am sure you are the gentleman whose name I have mentioned," said Roland, though surprised at his own persistency.

"And I know that my name is Foster, and I never saw you before in my life. But let that pass. What do you want?"

"To see Claudia. I *will* see her. Tell your father so. I will break through the foolish condition he made. I am devoured with anxiety. I must see the woman who is my betrothed wife."

"You must see her!"

The words seem to fall involuntarily from the lips of the man who had called himself Foster. A curious change was perceptible in his face.

"I must see her," Roland repeated. "I am dying of suspense. There can be no harm in permitting us a short interview."

Mr. Foster laughed, and swung on his heel.

"I don't know who Claudia may be," he muttered. "Some delectable creature, of course. But then she is a stranger to me, and I can't be expected to feel any interest in her."

"She is your cousin."

"I deny that. But, really, I must go. Does your route happen to lie in the same direction as mine?"

He stepped into the street, and Roland blindly followed. So powerfully was he convinced that he was actually speaking to Reginald Chilton, he determined not to lose sight of him.

Mr. Foster saw the puzzled expression on his companion's face as they walked along, and laughed lightly.

"I must very closely resemble your friend," he said.

"You do—as closely as Satan resembles Satan."

"Humph. An invidious comparison. But I shall not resent it."

He seemed perfectly good-humored, and chatted quite freely, after a little, but Roland observed that the streets into which they penetrated were each lonelier and viler than the last.

"Come," said Mr. Foster, suddenly, "you have gone so far that you had better accompany me home. I can then convince you of my identity. Will you go?"

"Gladly."

"That is well. My sister shall receive you, and do the honors of the house."

They walked on a little further, and came opposite a dark alley that gaped at them like the mouth of hell. Mr. Foster made some movement that attracted Roland's attention.

He looked hard at him as the flickering gas-light revealed his handsome face and splendid figure. He saw him bite his lip viciously.

The next instant one of the stranger's hands sought his breast. It lingered there a moment, then slowly fell.

Roland's keen eyes had not lost a single movement. Something glistened in the man's hand. He saw it quite distinctly. It was a knife.

They were now side by side. But Roland drew quickly back with a cry of alarm.

The next instant the man was upon him, making frantic lunges with his knife, and swearing horribly.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

A FORTUNATE MEETING.

This sudden attack did not find Roland Trevor very much at a loss. By dodging first to this side and then to that, he managed to avoid the murderous blows, every one of which was aimed straight at his heart.

"You treacherous villain!" he cried, fiercely, and put forth every effort to catch hold of the man's flying wrists.

But Foster, Reginald Chilton, devil, whoever the man might be, he fought with all the fury of desperation, and as Roland was unarmed, the struggle might have terminated fatally for him, had not three or four men come running to the spot from as many quarters.

The would-be murderer heard the footsteps that approached, and turned to fly.

"Curse you!" he hissed, looking back over his shoulder with the expression of a foul fiend upon his face. "This time you escape me. But I'll have your heart's blood yet."

The next instant he disappeared in the dark alley of which we have already made mention.

Roland did not pursue him. In truth, he had no desire to do so. He was trembling with excitement and apprehension. This bold and determined attack disturbed him more than anything that had occurred up to this moment.

It was evident that the stranger had meant to kill him. What was his object? Robbery? It did not look like that. His face had been distorted with fury and malignant hatred. Even the words he had uttered pointed to a very different motive.

Was the man really Reginald Chilton, or was he not?

While Roland still stood looking distractedly around him, the party he had seen reached his side, and began to question him eagerly.

Three of them wore silver stars on their breasts, and these, after having received a brief description, darted into the alley in pursuit of the fugitive.

The fourth man remained with Roland.

"Did you receive any injury, sir?" he asked, in a very kind voice.

"None, whatever."

"I am glad of that. What could have possessed the man to attack you?"

Roland looked up quickly, not quite sure whether it would be safe to trust this man or not. But he saw such a frank, open countenance, and met the unshrinking gaze of a pair of such earnest dark eyes, that his last doubt was set at rest.

"I am not certain," he answered. "But I think I could guess his motive."

"Robbery?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then you must have recognized the man."

"If so, he denied his own name to my very face."

"Whom did you take him to be?"

"Reginald Chilton."

The new-comer started at the sound of that name. He looked at Roland with still keener scrutiny than before.

"Chilton?" he echoed. "Not one of the Chiltons of Chilton Villa, on the Harlem road?"

"The same," replied Roland, manifesting surprise, in his turn.

"Good Heavens!"

"Do you know them?"

"No. I had the pleasure of doing a service for the young ladies—that is all."

"What is your name?"

"Gerald Raymond. I have a villa near Mr. Chilton's."

Roland was beginning to stare rather wildly.

"I don't understand this affair at all," he said, after a moment's thought. "You said young ladies just now?"

"Yes. There were two of them.

"Strange," muttered Roland. "Mr. Chilton has no daughter. I thought there was but one young lady—Claudia—in the house."

"Claudia?"

"Mr. Chilton's niece—and my betrothed wife."

"The other was her companion, I believe, but not one whit less beautiful, in my opinion."

"Oh!"

Roland laughed. He saw that Mr. Gerald Raymond was very much interested in Claudia's companion, whoever she might be.

"Will you tell me the nature of the service you rendered the young ladies?" he said, after a pause.

Raymond briefly narrated the manner in which he had saved Claudia and Hetty from the fury of the blood-hound.

"I'm afraid there is something wrong in that house," he said, in conclusion, fixing a keen glance upon Roland's face.

"What do you mean?" demanded the young man, almost fiercely.

For answer, he gave a most minute account of Hetty's singular behavior.

"I can't banish the suspicion that all is not right," he added. "Mr. Chilton was certainly very much disturbed on both occasions when I conversed with him—for I paid a second visit to Chilton Villa. To me his manner seemed the manner of a man who is hiding some dreadful secret."

"And Reginald?"

"Of Reginald I know nothing. I have heard his name spoken, and that is all."

Roland listened with a thrill of vague apprehension. "Come," he muttered hoarsely after a brief pause, "let us walk on together. I think you and I have much to say to each other."

"We have, if you intend treating me with such extreme frankness as I have treated you."

"I do. I am very anxious to tell you my story. Perhaps you can help me, when you have heard it. If any wrong is being done, perhaps you will help me to right it."

"With all my heart."

Roland told his new friend everything—all his doubts, fears and distress, and the strange manner in which he had fallen in with the man who had attempted his life.

"What did the villain mean?" he cried, in an excited voice. "If he was not Reginald Chilton, who was he? I did not know that I had an enemy in the world."

Raymond owned himself puzzled.

"If that man *was* Reginald Chilton," Roland went on, "why did he seek to kill me? If I am in his way it must be because Claudia loves me. What then? Oh, I shudder and grow sick at heart at the suspicion to which that thought inevitably leads."

"Compose yourself," urged Raymond. "Let us talk this matter calmly over."

"I will. But," his bright face darkening again for a moment, "if anybody dares harm one hair of my darling's head, I will avenge her wrongs, just so sure as there is a God in Heaven!"

"Good!" exclaimed Raymond. "I like to hear such sentiments from you. But we have work before us, and cannot afford to waste much breath. Let us consider what had best be done."

They hailed a late cab that passed at this moment, and were driven to Roland's hotel.

Here they discussed, in all its bearings, the question of the wretch's identity who had so boldly attacked Roland.

Still they could come to no fixed conclusion. Their secret convictions remained unchanged—but such convictions often sound very foolish when put into words.

However, it was certain that they ought to know, beyond a doubt, what was transpiring at Chilton Villa.

It was finally settled that Roland should take up his old post, the ensuing evening, and manage to enter the grounds and hold communication with Claudia herself.

Raymond would hold himself back as a reserve force that might be brought into play at any moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Closing of the German Gambling Saloons.

One after another, during the closing months of 1872, the German gambling-tables are suppressed by law. These saloons are expressively termed "hells." The decree has gone forth from the emperor and his parliament that public gambling shall cease throughout Germany with the close of the year. Homburg, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Ems, and other German spas have derived their popularity chiefly from the existence of the gaming-table; and thousands and thousands of unwary travellers have been swallowed up in the fascinating but ruinous and pitiless vortex. It is stated that the winnings of all the German gambling "hells" amount—have amounted, we may now say, happily—to about 7,000,000 florins ($3,000,000) annually—this immense sum being contributed almost entirely by the travelling public, generally wealthy Russians, English and Americans. No stranger, sadder sight can be imagined than meets the eye in those luxurious gaming saloons—the old and gray-headed, the young and beautiful, even sad-eyed women and pretty young girls, are seen playing with eager hand and suppressed excitement. They seldom or never win large sums; but ruin, insanity and suicides are common sequels. Ruined players, however, are an abomination to gambling bank directors; and some towns—Homburg, for example—have paid large sums annually to enable persons who have lost everything to reach their homes. It injures the business to have suicides frequent in the vicinity of the gambling-table, and the proprietors are willing to pay something to get rid of those who no longer have money to lose. But these things for Germany will soon be in the past. One kind of iniquity will end; many a thoughtless young tourist will be saved from ruin; and the untold evils which sprung up around such haunts of vice will, it is to be hoped, speedily disappear.

☞ In China the marriage ceremony lasts three days.

# CYRILLA MAUDE.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE, ETC."

[*From Advanced Sheets, furnished by the Author.*]

### PART THE FIRST.

TRYING FOR THE MINOR CANONRY.

The clergy were in the large room, called the Chapter House; making ready to file out on their way to attend afternoon service at the cathedral. Standing in the cloisters, on either side the great doors of the chapter house, two bedesman kept guard; looking in their black gowns not unlike two mutes, as still and as solemn. As the cathedral clock told the first stroke of the hour, three, and the organ sounded, they pushed open the doors, and, bending low their bodies in obeisance to the clergy, turned sharply round, and preceded them along the cloisters into the cathedral. The Dean was first; only two prebendaries followed him, Dr. Maude and Mr. Lane; not a great show of the higher dignitaries would the cathedral present that afternoon; they were in their white robes and carried their trenchers. Crossing the cathedral from the opposite door, which was the grand northern entrance, so as to meet them in the nave, came the Bishop, marshalled by a verger, bearing aloft his silver mace. The Bishop fell into his place before the Dean. The procession was next augmented by the minor canons and choristers, and finally passed on to the choir.

Proudest amid the proud Chapter of Oldchurch was the Reverend Richard Maude, Doctor of Divinity, canon and sub-dean of the cathedral. A dark, stern, ugly man, who walked with his head thrown back and and carried his ambition in every line of his haughty face. As he stepped into his stall, the first on the left-hand in entering the choir, the one pertaining to the sub-dean—he held his trencher for an instant before his face, and then threw his glances around to see who might be present that Sunday afternoon. It was a dark day in early November. Quite a cloud of dimness seemed to overhang the choir; but the prebendary's eyes were keen.

They rested on a row of clergymen who were sitting in a line with the officiating minor canon. Five of them. That they did not belong to the cathedral was evident, by their not wearing surplices. They were all young men, the eldest of them not exceeding thirty. The one who sat next the chanter had a pale, serious face; its expression good, and its smile one of remarkable sweetness and beauty. A large open brow was his, his hair and his pleasant eyes were of the same shade—brown, proclaiming its own powerful intellect; he was the Rev. John Hartley. Dr. Maude and other habitues of the college knew these young clergymen to be candidates for the vacant minor canonry. Three of them were curates; the other two held livings in the town. There was no obligation whatever for them, as candidates, to attend the cathedral service, but it happened that they had all accidentally done so that Sunday afternoon.

Underneath the sub-dean, in the pew appropriated to the ladies of his family, sat his daughter, Cyrilla; a fair, attractive girl, with blue eyes, strangely sweet and thoughtful in their earnestness. She had come in just before the cathedral clergy, and, as she rose from her knees, her eyes encountered those of the Rev. Mr. Hartley. No salute might pass; it was neither the time nor place for it; but a half smile illuminated his countenance, and she blushed vividly. Had any of the gossips around chanced to see that blush, they might have suspected something from it. It was a good thing Dr. Maude did not.

An excellent chanter was on duty that week, the best chanter of all the minor canons. As those five minor canons in embryo—or at least, in hope—listened to the clear tones of his ringing voice, they trembled for their chance of success. Not one among them would ever become such a chanter as that. "Save Hartley," they repeated to themselves; "he may." Perhaps Mr. Hartley was repeating the same. By the side of Cyrilla Maude sat two of her sisters, and two more were in the gallery with the governess. Not one resembled her; they all took after the sub-dean; were dark, and cold, and pretentious. Cyrilla alone was like her dead mother.

The service drew to a close. It was rather prolonged that wintry afternoon, for the anthem had been a long one; and when the bishop rose on his throne to give the blessing, the shades of twilight had gathered in the cathedral.

Under cover of the crowd pressing out, under cover of the friendly darkness, Mr. Hartley grasped and momentarily retained the hand of Miss Maude, as they passed through the choir gates into the transept.

"I have had a letter from Edmund, Cyrilla," he whispered.

"Have you!" she exclaimed, in a tone of delight, her blue eyes raised for an instant, and then dropped again, strangely timid, and her face glowing. "How is he?"

"Very well in health; very ill in temper," returned Mr. Hartley, with a half smile. "You remember the storms of indignation he used to fall into? He was in one when he wrote."

"Oh, John! At what?"

"At me. Never was such a thing heard of, he protests, as for John Hartley to aspire to a minor canonry. He—"

"*Aspire?*" interrupted Cyrilla.

"To *stoop* to aspire to it, is, I believe, what he would imply," replied Mr. Hartley, with a glance at Cyrilla. "He writes in mockery. He looks upon a minor canonry as a death-blow to all ambitious hopes; and says he would as soon hear that I had got into hot water with the Bishop, and had had my gown threatened."

"That is so like Edmund! But I—I do not think a minor canonry is quite the proper preferment for you," she continued, the glow deepening to a crimson with her inward thoughts: and, possibly, with the construction the words might, to his ear, bear.

"Let us rather say, Cyrilla, it is not the sort of preferment we were fond of carving out for ourselves, I, and Edmund, and Tom Chatterton, in those dear old days at Berton rectory. True. We were all to rise like stars in the firmament, silk aprons being, I verily believe, at the end of the vista. Experience has come to us since. Tom is wearing out his health in the West Indies, preaching to the negroes; I am vegetating upon a hundred a year at my curacy; and Edmund, the best off, has his fellowship and his small college living. And, so far as I am concerned, this state of things seems likely to last forever. A minor canonry would be an improvement on this: I should, at any rate, be sure of a living with it, large or small, as may be."

"Not large ever. Moderate at the best."

"Large to us moderate curates," he returned with a smile."

In talking, they had left the college for the cloisters, and were close upon the door of the chapter house. Dr. Maude, who, with his fellow canon and the Dean, had been marshalled to it by the bedesmen, in like manner that he had been marshalled from it, came suddenly out, his surplice and hood on still, and his trencher on his head.

A haughty recognition of Mr. Hartley's salutation, a hard and somewhat surprised stare at his daughter greeted them. Cyrilla bowed her adieu to Mr. Hartley, and joined her father. They walked side by side to the west quadrangle and entered their house by a small door opening from the cloisters.

"Where are the rest?" inquired the sub-dean, alluding to his other daughters.

"With the governess, papa. They left the cathedral by the front entrance."

Since Cyrilla was eighteen and had been emancipated from the care of a governess herself—some three or four years ago now—she had been in the habit of spending much time at Berton Rectory. It was about ten miles from Oldchurch. The Rector, Mr. Chatterton, was a plain, unaffected country parson, not in the least like that eminent and grand cathedral light, Dr. Maude, or aspiring to be. The rector's wife and the late Mrs. Maude were sisters, and Cyrilla was a vast favorite at the Rectory. It was much to be feared that Cyrilla's mind, taste, and manners had been formed after her uncle and aunt's simple model; but Dr. Maude did not suspect the heresy yet. John Hartley had had his title to orders at Berton; when the year was ended, he still remained on, Mr. Chatterton's curate. Edmund Maude was there a great deal, reading with the son, Tom Chatterton, both before college and after it. All three of these young men were at Oxford together, and a great friendship existed between them. Cyrilla naturally saw a good deal of them; and why not? One was her brother, one her cousin, the other—well, he was her uncle's curate. It never would have entered the proud head of Dr. Maude to suppose it possible that any harm could accrue to his daughter from the companionship. He would as soon have supposed Miss Maude capable of stooping to regard with favor her uncle's man of all work, as her uncle's son, or her uncle's curate. And for the matter of that, Dr. Maude, had he condescended to think about any one so inferior in the social scale as John Hartley, would have assumed that Miss Maude's intercourse with him was limited to the viewing him in the reading-desk on Sundays.

Not so, however. They saw much of each other daily; both were attractive; the usual consequences of such companionship ensued, and they became to each other all too dear. Whether Mr. Hartley or Cyrilla was the first to fall in love, it is of no moment to inquire, and perhaps neither could have told. Certain it was, that love, powerful and lasting, had seized upon them both.

The only one to detect it—and that not at first—was Edmund Maude. He was quite devoid of pride—and in consequence he and his father did not quite get on together—and he liked John Hartley better than any one else in the world. So that, far from being annoyed, he was ready and willing to countenance the treason, and did so.

"Now, don't you two go open mouthed to the canon, like geese, Hartley; you and Cyrilla," he suddenly spoke out one day in his abrupt fashion. "If you do, you'll just get yourselves damaged for good. You will be sent to the right about and Mademoiselle to the left. Wait. A tide comes to every man in life, we are told—or ought to come—and when you rise upon yours, Hartley, and I don't think you are a man to be buried all your life under a bushel, a fair share of chance being given you, why then enlighten the doctor. Tell him now that you and Cyrilla would like to pull together in the same boat!—whew! I should not like to stand in your shoes, Hartley, if you did. You do not know Richard Maude, D. D."

Mr. Hartley had probably entertained no more intention of speaking to Dr. Maude than of speaking to the Pope of Rome; under present circumstances he would not have dared to do it; and the address took him by surprise. At least it served to open his eyes. Honorable in his every instinct, he had not dreamed of speaking to Cyrilla. Perhaps he had never looked into the future; the love, and that he could not help, had been enough for him. Neither did he speak now. They tacitly understood each other; when he should get preferment then he would ask for her.

So the years had gone on to the present time. Mr. Hartley was eight-and-twenty; Cyrilla six years younger; and the preferment had not come. He had another curacy now, close to Oldchurch, and he and Cyrilla often met in society. When Edmund Maude was at home—he did pay it an occasional visit—Mr. Hartley would be much at the Prebendal residence. The doctor—*for* the doctor—was gracious to him; as gracious as a high and bedizened butterfly of the church could be to a working curate. Dr. Maude could not have regarded a man without high friends and high interest in any other light than condescendingly. Edmund kept counsel and silence, and the doctor never suspected the dreadful treason going on under his very nose.

Eight-and-twenty years of age now; "going on for thirty," as he was wont to put it to himself: and no sign of preferment! Would it ever come? John Hartley, lacking interest, thought not. The passing years might have seemed longer than they did but for his love for Cyrilla. Men are vain; young men very vain; young clergymen sometimes vainest of all; and it did appear feasible to John Hartley that should a lucky living of five or six hundred a year drop down upon him, Dr. Maude might not refuse him his eldest daughter.

But the luck and the living, I say, did not come. Neither could he disguise from himself that he had no more interest to get it than had a hundred other poor curates in the Diocese of Oldchurch. Certainly he was personally known to the Bishop; and if he by chance encountered that Right Reverend divine, his lordship would freely nod and say "How are you, Hartley?" But as to setting him down for a benefice, there appeared to be nothing further from the prelate's thoughts. During this gloomy state of affairs, one of the minor canons died, and Mr. Hartley decided to enter himself as a candidate for the vacant place. A fatal step, so far as his pretensions to Miss Maude went; but John Hartley, a stranger till lately to a cathedral town, knew little of the feeling obtaining amid the high cathedral dignitaries. He could not have placed a surer bar between himself and Cyrilla. Dr. Maude give a daughter to a minor canon? The doctor would have thought the world was coming to an end.

Edmund Maude, at home in cathedral politics, knew this. Hence his disapproval of the project. Reared as he had been in the prejudices of a cathedral life, he could but be in a degree imbued with them, in spite of the frankness of his nature; and he would not like to see a sister of his stoop to marry a minor canon. A country clergyman with ever so small a living, an' she would, but not one of the lesser clergy attached to Oldchurch cathedral. John Hartley, however, did not see matters in this light. Some of the livings in the gift of the Dean and Chapter for bestowal on the minor canons were good; should one of the good ones be given to him he fondly thought it might lead to his union with Cyrilla. That he should be the successful candidate for the minor canonry, he had little doubt of, on account of his good voice and his talent for chanting. Success or non-success depended solely on that.

It was the day of the trial for the minor canonry—Tuesday—the time after morning prayer in the cathedral. The dean and prebendaries, four, were present, several of the minor canons, the lay-clerks and choristers. The five candidates did their best; but on the whole the "best" was not very good.

A sorry display made some of those reverend aspirant-chanters. What with their nervousness, and what with their not being fitted by nature with voice and ear, two or three might have stood quite as much chance had they put up for the bishopric. One of them surreptitiously used a tuning fork to

pitch the note. But the Reverend John Hartley? he was different. His voice was of the utmost melody; it rang into the nooks and corners of the old college. No nervousness betrayed he; he knew, in his calm self-possession, that he could do the work well; and he did it. "An admirable chanter," remarked the Dean. "One might think he had served his apprenticeship to it." The next best to him was the Reverend Mr. Pope. He held a small living in Oldhurst, and had been feeing the young chorister boys to be at his house three evenings a week and practice with him. The result in his case was passable; or, would have been deemed so, had John Hartley not first been heard.

Of course there could be but one opinion—that the place had been earned by Mr. Hartley; and many congratulated him. As the Dean and Chapter were leaving the cathedral to put off their robes, they met the Bishop in the cloisters. A bishop—it need hardly be said—has nothing to do with the cathedral appointments: neither is it etiquette for him to influence them.

"We have been hearing the candidates for the minor canonry," remarked the Dean, who was an elderly man. "Young Hartley carries the palm, by a long way."

"Your lordship would be surprised to hear him," added Mr. Lane. "There's not a better chanter in the college."

"He'll do, he'll do," said the bishop, assuming that Mr. Hartley was fixed upon. "An orthodox young fellow, is Hartley; clever, too: got his head set on his shoulders the right way."

II.

Cold, and still, and silent, lay the old cloisters in the moonlight. Not that much moonlight could get at *them;* but it fell brightly on the graveyard they enclosed; on the dank green grass, and the worn tombstones.

Pacing in that ghostly spot, over the flat gravestones sunk in the cloisters, the inscriptions on which had worn away with time, was the Reverend John Hartley; the light not sufficient to show him which were the red bricks of the cloisters, which the gray slabs of the dead. Do you cavil at the word ghostly? Go and try it. Get yourself shut into the cloisters at Oldchurch some night: with the ponderous Gothic building around you; the popular superstitions—or, associations, if you like the word better—connected with the hour and place; the ominous silence, telling upon the nerves; the heavy bell aloft, which, every quarter, booms out the flitting time; the dead, mouldering around and beneath; the snatches of moonlight, flickering upon the white graves in the open yard, and entering through the mullioned casements! Not a soul within hearing, not a soul within call; ghostly and grim it is.

The clock rang out the three-quarters past five. As the echo of it died away, another sound arose; and Mr. Hartley arrested his monotonous steps to listen. It was what he was waiting for. Mr. Lane's door opened—for that prebendal residence had likewise a door conducting into the cloisters, it being on the east side, or opposite to Dr. Maude's. The door opened and shut; and then fleet, light footsteps were heard coming round toward where he stood: footsteps that John Hartley loved all too well.

"Cyrilla!"

Softly as the word was spoken, it yet startled her to terror; she had not caught its familiar tones. A faint cry, and she sprang to the wall of the narrow cloister. Mr. Hartley caught hold of her in his reassuring, strong protection.

"Forgive me, Cyrilla. I never meant to startle you."

"Oh, John! What brings you here at this hour? I thought—I thought—"

Her heart was beating violently with the alarm, and she stopped to gather breath. Mr. Hartley laughed.

"Thought it was one of the dead and gone monks, come out of his sleep to molest you? I was in the precincts at dusk, and saw you go into Mr. Lane's house with his daughter. Logic whispered that you might probably run home through the cloisters, in preference to going round; and I came in and waited, dodging the cloister-porter when he shuffled in to look the gates."

"Dodging the—why, yes! They are shut at dusk in winter! John, you must be locked in!" she exclaimed, in consternation. "How ever shall you get out?"

"I must trust to luck for it; luck has stood my friend in worse predicaments than this. You will stay with me five minutes?" he continued, placing her arm within his, and commencing slowly to pace the cloister.

A pause. Her heart—beating though it was, with the sense of happiness—whispered that it was not quite the thing to do. "Ought you to ask it of me, John? It would not be right."

"Not right!" he echoed. "Where is the wrong? Who would protect you from harm, as I would? No man living. You know it, Cyrilla."

"It is not that," she hastily replied. "But—oh, if any one should come and see me here!"

"How can they?—with the cloisters locked for the night! I have been trying to see you all day, Cyrilla. I received another letter from Edmund this morning. Did you also get one?"

Had that moonlight shone on them, instead of on the gravestones, Mr. Hartley would have seen the bright blush that the question called up on her cheeks. She made no answer.

"Did you, Cyrilla?"

Still no reply. She walked by his side with her head down, as if mindful of where she placed her feet.

"A terrible bug-bear, this minor canonry business is to Edmund," resumed Mr. Hartley. "He urges the bar it will be to other preferment. And he does not—he says he does not," repeated Mr. Hartley pointedly, "object to it so strongly on the score of its own merits or demerits, or altogether for my own sake."

Thump, thump, went Cyrilla's heart against her side. She understood all perfectly well; yet what was she to answer?

"Therefore, Cyrilla, I determined to appeal to you—were it possible that I could see you in time; and ask you to decide. Hence my waylaying you in this unceremonious, and I fear you think unpardonable fashion. You may have heard the result of the trial this morning—that I am sure of the place; the Dean and Chapter as good as said so, thanks to my chanting. If you would prefer me not to take it, I will go this night to the Dean, and say that I withdraw from the competition. Decide for me, Cyrilla."

"*I* see no objection to the minor canonry," she replied, in a low tone; and she spoke as she felt, for in truth Cyrilla was humble-minded. "Only—" She came to a standstill.

"Only that you fear it will be a stumbling-block in the sight of Dr. Maude. It is Edmund's implied argument, Cyrilla; I must speak plainly; though you may deem it not generous of me to do so, here and now. It is but a word that I will say. You know that my whole heart is bent upon one hope; that I am ever working on for its realization; and you know what that hope is. There; that is all. I will not say another word, until I can say it to a purpose. What shall I do about the minor canonry?"

"I think you should accept it. Edmund did write to me. But it is cruel of any one to wish you to starve on as you are doing, on a hundred a year."

"Never mind the starving," he interrupted. "It is not that which troubles me. But, years are wearing on. Some of the minor canons hold better livings than your uncle's at Berton; the best of them come up to five or six hundred a year. And one, report says, reaches seven."

"Yes; they do, John; they are very good. And perhaps—perhaps papa would see that they are."

"And I could resign the minor canonry at any time if higher preferment offered. Do not deem me mercenary, Cyrilla, in calculating these chances," he continued, in a pained tone, "or think I regard them as the end of what a minister of God should work for. But a man must live—and his wife also."

"I would take the minor canonry, John; yes, I think I would, and chance it. And—"

"Who goes there, pray?"

The words, shouted out almost close to them, were in the terrible voice—terrible to to their ears then—of Dr. Maude. He had stayed in the chapel-house after afternoon service, to consult one of its ponderous folios, had lighted the solitary candle, kept there, and remained, poring over the volume, until reminded by his hunger that the dinner-hour must be at hand. He then blew out the light, and came forth. They, those two lovers on the opposite side of the cloisters, buried in their own affairs, their untold love, had never heard him. The Doctor had no idea, when, on turning the angle, he distinguished the intruders, that they were—who they were. But he called out angrily! for no one, save the great college lights, like himself, had any business in the cloisters at that hour.

It was a scene of confused surprise: and the moonlight just then was very bright. Cyrilla, nearly fainting with dismay, would have quitted Mr. Hartley's arm, but he did not let her. "Better so," he whispered; "he must hear all now." As to the Doctor, for once in his life, he was too much astonished even to storm.

John Hartley, his tall form drawn to its full height, briefly explained. He was a gentleman always: and gentlemen do not cower, even before a sub-dean. The blame was his; not Miss Maude's, he said. He had been in the cloisters a few minutes ago, had seen Miss Maude running across them on her way home from Mr. Lane's, and detained her. And then he entered on the story of his love and his hopes.

"*What* is it that you say?" gasped the Doctor. "That you—that you—presume—" He broke off from lack of words.

"That I love her, sir. That I have loved her ever since we were so much together at Berton—that my most earnest prayer is, to be worthy of her, and to win her."

"Let me pass," panted the Doctor, his face purple and crimson, his hair standing right on end under his trencher. "As for you, degenerate girl, you may choose between me and him."

She burst into tears. "Oh, papa! I—"

"Sir, I have assured you that no blame attaches to Miss Maude," interrupted the curate. "She is perfectly dutiful, and willing to wait—"

"Will you go home?" stamped the Doctor to his daughter, waving off Mr. Hartley with contemptuous scorn, drowning his words; shrinking from him in his hauteur as he might have shrunk from some worthless miscreant. "To your home, I say, Miss Maude."

Cyrilla, her sobs bursting, pushed open the door and entered. The sub-dean was following in her wake.

"Will you not condescend to give me a reply, sir?" interposed John Hartley.

"A reply to you! How dare you, fellow? Begone!"

It was all the answer Dr. Maude vouchsafed. He slammed the door in Mr. Hartley's face, leaving him to his fate in the cold cloisters. Striding along the passage after his daughter, he caught her by the arm and whirled her into his study.

"Oh, papa, papa, why should you be so angry?" she ventured to cry, the tears streaming from her eyes. "What harm has he done? He is of gentle birth; he is a learned and a good man; and he will not always be a curate."

Dr. Maude almost fought for breath. "A curate?" said he, in his bitter contempt. "He is going to be a minor canon!"

Cyrilla's heart rose against the implied contumely. "Papa, a minor canon may do his duty before God, as truly as a dean. Oh, sir, do be just! Mr. Hartley does not deserve your displeasure; indeed he does not."

The sub-dean stared at her. Cyrilla! who had always done his bidding in meekness!—who was the most dutiful of all his children!—she, to beard him! "Possibly you were contemplating a union with this minor canon?" foamed the Doctor.

Her cheeks grew red through her tears.

"Answer me."

"Had he obtained a sufficient living, he might have asked me to become his wife. My doing so would have depended upon your consent, papa."

The sub-dean opened his mouth and closed it again; he did not know whether to believe his ears. "Marry a minor canon!" he thundered. "Are you mad?"

"Papa, you need not fear," she sobbed. "I would not marry him without your approbation; neither would he take me."

"He would take my curse if he did. Both of you would take it."

"Oh, do not, do not!" she said, in a wailing tone, putting her hand before her eyes. "I can give him up without that. Papa, I have said that it depended only on you."

"Very well, Cyrilla; I take you at your word," was the rejoinder, sternly but less angrily expressed. "Let it end from this night. A father's curse is an unholy thing; do not you provoke it."

She was leaving the room; when all the future desolation that she now must enter upon rose up vividly before her mind. She turned back; her hands clasped, speaking slowly and softly.

"There is no one else that I can care for in this world. Papa is there *no* medium? Will you not say a word of hope—that in years to come should preferment be his——"

"Preferment for him!" interrupted the sub-dean. "Preferment for a man without connections and interest?—the kind of preferment that would entitle him to aspire to a canon's daughter! *Is* it likely that such will ever be his? You know it is not. Our minor canons must wed in their own sphere."

A sobbing sigh caught her breath. She knew that hope was over. "He is——"

"I tell you to think no more of him, Cyrilla," again came the stern interruption. "Never more, under pain of—you heard the penalty."

"I will obey you, papa; you know I will. I was only about to say that he is locked up in the cloisters; the gates were shut, he said. Will you not send a servant to tell the porter?"

This was the climax. The Doctor firmly closed his lips to prevent their further explosion, and pointed to the staircase. The unhappy girl shivered as she went slowly up it.

And for the Doctor's anger there was much excuse to be made. He deemed that Mr. Hartley's conduct in regard to his daughter had been mean, dishonorable, bad. How dared he, an obscure and portionless curate, dream of aspiring to an alliance with Cyrilla? Why, even this evening, the fellow must have put himself into the cloisters to waylay her! Which was true.

"Send to tell the porter, indeed! Let him get out as he got in!" spoke the sub-dean.

Dr. Maude sat down to his dinner with a damaged appetite. Cyrilla did not appear at it. She was the only one who took dinner with the Doctor; her sisters dined with the governess. When he had finished he sat awhile, and then betook himself to the deanery, and to the houses of the canons who were in town. What was his business there?

The decision, as to the minor canonry, was announced on the following day, and became patent to Oldchurch. It was conferred upon the Reverend William Pope, M.A. Mr. Hartley was passed over; his name was not so much as mentioned. Those not in the secret were thunder-struck; none more so than Mr. Pope himself.

"I understood you to say that Hartley was the best man," observed the Bishop to Mr. Lane, when they chanced to meet in the afternoon.

"So he was, in regard to chanting," was the canon's answer. "But, at the eleventh hour, Dr. Maude spoke of some private objection to Hartley, and put it to us, as a personal favor to himself, not to elect him. Pope will do very well. He will chant better when he gets used to it.

Now it fell out that, within an hour after this, the Bishop encountered Mr. Hartley, who was digesting the news of his rejection; as well as that of another rejection, conveyed to him in a letter from Cyrilla. The Bishop stopped him. Never a pleasanter prelate than he; never one, in manner, less formal or more friendly. He was thoroughly liked by all around him. Never a more popular prelate than was he of Oldchurch.

"What's this, Hartley?" cried the Bishop. "How have you contrived to get into the black books of the Dean and Chapter?"

Mr. Hartley blushed like a lady. "I fancy it is with one of the Chapter only, my lord."

"Well—what's the reason?"

"It has nothing to do with clerical affairs, my lord. Nothing whatever to do with my fitness, or unfitness, for the post. I offended Dr. Maude in a private matter—and I conclude he has not allowed me to be elected."

"A private matter?" debated the Bishop. "Perhaps," he continued, noting the changing complexion of the handsome young curate, and remembering that he had sometimes seen him with Dr. Maude's daughter, and he laughed as he spoke, "perhaps you have been aspiring to Miss Maude—as well as to the minor canonry—and the Doctor does not like it?"

No need for John Hartley to say Yes, or No; his conscious face betrayed him. He saw that the Bishop read the signs correctly; and in his pain he spoke words that he might not otherwise have spoken.

"Dr. Maude might look further for a suitor and fare worse than in me, my lord; so far as a true and honest heart goes."

"So he might, Hartley, I do believe. Well, I must bear you in mind for something else as the Dean and Chapter have rejected you."

"I beg your lordship's pardon—I think I shall leave the town; go somewhere to a distance. I do not care to remain here now."

The Bishop looked at him. The Bishop was evidently pondering something in his mind. "I wonder," he said, "what sort of a tutor you would make? You took honors at Oxford, I think?"

"I am pleased that your lordship should remember it."

"A friend has asked me to recommend him a resident tutor for his son. Suppose you call at the palace, and I will talk to you further. Let me see?—come to-morrow morning at half-past nine."

John Hartley thanked his lordship, lifted his hat, and the Bishop passed on. He did not fail to attend at the palace; and, the result was, that in less than a fortnight's time, he had obtained the tutorship, which was in the family of the Earl of Saxonby, and had resigned his curacy.

It was a chilly evening. Miss Maude was seated over the fire after dinner—which she had taken alone, for the sub-dean had gone to the great audit feast at the deanery—and shivering slightly. For the past week or two she had been unaccountably given to shiver. She was dwelling upon her unhappy fate, perhaps somewhat rebelling at it, when the door opened and Mr. Hartley was shown in. He had come to the house with as bold a face as the Bishop himself might have come; but Cyrilla started up in consternation.

"I have called to take my leave of you, Cyrilla. Dr. Maude would scarcely grudge us so much as that."

She stood, looking from him to the misty fire, misty through her tears.

"It was wrong to come, John. I promised never, willingly, to see you again; never to speak to you. I *had* to promise it."

"Never is a long day," he replied, standing by her on the hearth-rug. "If I know anything of you, Cyrilla, you will be true to me in your inmost heart; you cannot help it; you could not, if you would. When time and chance shall have worked things round, and I, poor, despised, rejected, now, shall have risen to a position that will justify my coming here to ask again for you, even in the opinion of Dr. Maude—and some conviction is within me that I shall so rise—I mean to come. I want you, Cyrilla, to give me the hope that I *may* come. It will cheer me on my way."

"I dare not," she whispered.

"Understand me, Cyrilla. I am not asking you to disobey Dr. Maude, and engage yourself to me. I would not ask it. This only I say: that when I am in a position to satisfy even him—if I ever shall be so and you are still unmarried—that you will cancel the harsh note you wrote to me—"

"I wrote by his command," she interrupted.

"Of course; I understand that. Cyrilla, do you know that I have loved you above every earthly thing? Not a moment of the day for years, but you have occupied my thoughts; not a dream of the night, but you have filled it!"

"As you have mine," she cried, wringing her hands, and speaking freely in the moment's anguish. "To part from you is like parting from life. "Oh, John! I could not say it but for this dreadful parting."

The tears were raining from her eyes. John Hartley forgot himself in the moment's anguish and drew her head to his shoulder.

"What will the world be without one another, Cyrilla?"

"Don't tempt me, John. I must be true to my duty."

"My darling, I do not wish to tempt you. I do not ask a promise from you to be mine; I do not even ask you to keep unmarried for my sake; I dare not in honor. What I do ask is this—that should the favorable time and circumstance ever come, and you be still free, and Dr. Maude not then object, I may come again and woo you."

"I tell you that I may not," she repeated in a tone of anguish—and it seemed that she scarcely understood him clearly, and she withdrew from him and stood near the mantelpiece. "I must forget you as I best may. How can I disobey my father?"

The words chilled him. "Say you will not."

Her sobs nearly choked her. He would have taken her hands again, but she waived him off. She had ever been an obedient daughter, and in this, her bitter trial, she would not fail now. Mr. Hartley felt his anger rising. Disappointment, vexation, mortified love, rendered him unjust. In the haste and trouble of the moment he began to think she could not love him, perhaps never had loved him; and his face turned pale.

"I ask for the last time, Cyrilla. As you deal with me, so will I deal with you. Reject my prayer, and I will strive to put your image from my heart—as you have just boasted to me you will strive to put me out of yours."

Her heart felt as though it were breaking. She leaned against the wall by the mantelpiece and pressed her hands upon her bosom. But she could not press down its pain.

"I have no resource, John; none. I must not disobey my father."

"Fare you well then, Cyrilla," he quietly said. "If ever we meet again it will be as strangers."

And the next moment he had gone from the room, a bitter smile upon his lips. Gone from her forever! Cyrilla buried her head on the sofa pillows in her despair, almost wishing she might never look up again. And that was the manner of their parting.

Oldchurch supposed the Reverend Mr. Hartley had quitted the place in mortification at his non-success as to the minor canonry. A few weeks, and he was forgotten.

PART THE SECOND.

THE DEAN OF OLDCHURCH.

Ten years! What a slice it seems to take out of the history of a life. Ten weary years!—and the heart preying upon itself, its sorrows and its blighted hopes all that long while.

The cathedral bell at Oldchurch rang out for afternoon week-day service, and a few stragglers, half a dozen at the most, came leisurely toward the cloisters.

Pacing what was called the Green Walk—a convenient promenade hard by, near the deanery and the prebendal houses—was a fair, attractive-looking woman with a sweet, sad young face. The smooth, open brow was indented with two upright middle lines, that unmistakable sign of care; they had not used to be there; and the blue eyes wore an expression that told their owner lived much in the inward life. She was not much more than thirty; she did not look to be; nevertheless her hair had begun to be streaked with silver. It was Cyrilla Maude. Ten years have passed over her head since that great trouble fell upon her; and ten years make a change.

There were other changes, too, at Oldchurch. The pleasant Bishop had passed away. He had been translated, not to a better appointment; not to be Primate of all England, or even to one of the three desirable sees, but to a Land where mitres are not. Bishops, for the most part, live to a good old age; he, of Oldchurch, had died young—comparing him with some of those very ancient ones, who seem to last out forever. The ultra grave men of the Prelate's Bench had turned upon him rather the cold shoulder, royal favorite though he was. But he was gone; and another filled his place; an austere man, who gave a frown where the late Bishop had given a smile, and who looked sharply after the loaves and fishes. Oldchurch did not think it had gained by the change.

The Dean lived yet; but the great change for him was approaching; in fact, his death had been for some time looked for almost daily. Two of the prebendaries had also passed away; one had been removed to a deanery, and their stalls were filled up by others. Dr. Maude was no longer the sub-dean; he had resigned the office, and Mr. Lane had taken it; not by any means a sinecure at present, from the incapacity of the Dean. Two or three of the old minor canons had likewise dropped off. Mr. Pope had become really a good chanter, and was Sacrist to the cathedral. Which naturally brings us to John Hartley.

*There* was the greatest change! Sure, none had risen in the social scale like he. Some such examples are not wanting; as those who keep their eyes upon the moves of the clerical chess-table, well know. The tutorship, procured for him by the ready kindness and influence of the late Bishop, was in the family of the Earl of Saxonby, a cabinet minister and a shining star in the political horizon. The Earl had a great many daughters; and only one son, Viscount Weyford. Daughter after daughter had been born, until the Earl and Countess despaired of a son; so that when he did arrive, he was made much of. A wayward boy in his twelfth year, when Mr. Hartley was engaged; whose duty it was to prepare him for Eton. Mr. Hartley was regarded as a gentleman in the Earl's family, was treated as one of themselves; and when the Earl's chaplain was inducted to something better, he was appointed chaplain in his place. His rise then was rapid. Perhaps it might not have been quite so much so but for Lady Charlotte Saxonby. She contrived to fall in love with Mr. Hartley; and he—if he did not love her as he had once loved Cyrilla Maude—liked her very much. The Earl sanctioned the match. When a man, poor though he may be, has six girls upon his hands, the settlement of one of them with a young clergyman, whose preferment he can take care of, is not to be despised. Five years subsequent to the period of his leaving Oldchurch, the Reverend John Hartley was enjoying a living of twelve hundred a year, and a stall in a cathedral. Not only that. His name stood high in public fame as one of the cleverest men of the day; a sound divine, and most able preacher.

What thought Dr. Maude then? The man he had so despised had risen in this short time to be a canon like himself. If by chance they met in the world now, they would meet on equal ground; men of the same social standing. He who had been rejected for Miss Maude with so much unnecessary contempt, had been welcomed for the Lady Charlotte Saxonby. And poor Cyrilla? She would only hear, and bear in silence; but it had lined her brow and silvered her hair. Dr. Maude may have felt a qualm when he gazed on her pale, sad face; if so, he did not let it appear; but he growled angrily at her when she rejected an offer of marriage. It was a very eligible one; but Cyrilla meekly declined it.

The rest of the Miss Maudes had married; all of them; Cyrilla was the only one left. "That old maid, Cyrilla Maude!" the daughters in the precincts, who had been children when she was a girl of twenty, called her now. She seemed to have outlived her companions; they had married, and were dispersed in the world. Mary Lane, her chief friend, had gone too. Younger sisters had sprung up; but they and Cyrilla seemed to have no sympathy, nothing in common the one with the other.

Dr. Maude's second daughter, Caroline, had married very young; it was just after Mr. Hartley quitted Oldchurch, when she was scarcely out of the schoolroom; a marriage quite after the sub-dean's own heart. The bridegroom was a colonel, forty years at least older than his bride; but he made a good settlement on her, and he was a K. C. B. He carried her off to India, and soon rose to be a general. Lady Hume was at home now, paying a long visit to her father, with her three children; a gay, dashing, scornful woman, who put upon Cyrilla, and turned the care of her children over to her. Personal happiness denied her, Cyrilla was trying to make her own unselfish happiness in the caring for others. She engaged in works of benevolence, of usefulness. Did any old bedesman, or his poor old wife, fall sick, they found a true friend in Miss Maude. When other ladies of the precincts were wasting their time in that utter waste of all wastes, morning visits, Miss Maude would be paying visits too. But they were visits of a different nature. The image of John Hartley was often present to her. When one has loved as Cyrilla did, the beloved one is not easily displaced from the heart; but she only thought of him as one utterly lost to her, whom she should never again see in this world. She pictured to herself his happy life with his wife; and a sore feeling would now and then intrude, for she could not help thinking that in the blaze of his new fortunes he might have sought *her* again, instead of Lady Charlotte Saxonby.

What a blessing this life would be, if we could keep from it sickness and care and sorrow. They come to the rich as well as to the poor. Of sickness, I am not quite sure but the rich get the largest share. It came in its most ominous guise to Lady Charlotte Hartley. After the birth of her little girl, she never grew strong; and symptoms of consumption supervened. Dr. Hartley—he had taken his degree; some honorary post having been conferred upon him at Oxford, which necessitated it—obtained leave from his bishop, and accompanied his wife to a warmer climate in the Pyrenees, to which she had been ordered. Nearly a twelvemonth's stay there, and Dr. Hartley came back alone; his wife was left in her foreign grave. He had been at home some eighteen months now, chiefly residing in his prebendal house at the distant cathedral.

And this brings us to the present time, and to the afternoon just mentioned. The bell was going for service, and Cyrilla Maude paced the Green Walk. Lady Hume's troublesome children were running and racing before her, making a great noise; the yellow leaves of the elm trees fell about her, for it was autumn weather. Cyrilla's eyes were raised frequently to the windows of the house nearest her: that of Mr. Lane. Mary Lane—Mrs. Wilkinson by her new title—had arrived home the previous day, and Cyrilla, who has seen her but for a few minutes, was wishing she would come out. Her husband was H. B. M. consul, somewhere in the south of France, and Mary had come to England for a short visit.

"Are you going to service this afternoon, Cyrilla?"

Cyrilla turned at the sharp question—which came from her sister, Lady Hume; a tall, imperious woman now, dressed in rare satins and gold bracelets. Throw a surplice over her, and put her hair inside a trencher with its hanging tassel, and she might have been taken for a photograph of Dr. Maude himself.

"No," replied Cyrilla, "I have to take care of the children."

"Where's the nurse?" asked Lady Hume.

"Her cold is so much worse this afternoon, that I told her to lie down."

"I declare you are growing quite absurd, Cyrilla!" flashed Lady Hume. "As if servants wanted to lie down, or should be allowed to if they did!"

"Do not let it trouble you, Caroline; I will take care of the children."

Lady Hume sailed away; some freak had induced her to attend service that afternoon, but it was what she rarely did on weekdays. The college bell presently ceased, and the deadened notes of the organ might be faintly distinguished. They were very tiresome, these spoilt children, but Cyrilla knew that they would be worse in-doors, and she walked about with them nearly an hour. Perhaps she had her reward; for at length Mary Wilkinson saw her, and came out. They sat down on one of the benches, and the children ran about the grass, quarrelling and picking weeds.

"Does it not seem like old times for you and me to be seated here, watching the noisy crows, and hearing the organ strike up?" began Mrs. Wilkinson.

"I wish you could always be here, Mary," was the answer.

"How is it you do not marry?" was Mary Wilkinson's somewhat abrupt rejoinder. "I thought you, of all girls, would have married well."

A faint color tinged Cyrilla's cheek. Emotion upon that subject, had well-nigh died away.

"Some are destined to marry, and some are not," she said, with a sad smile. "I suppose I am one of the latter."

"Nonsense! you will marry yet."

"Never," replied Cyrilla, more vehemently than the subject might seem to warrant. "I shall never marry."

"Never is a long day," laughed Mrs. Wilkinson; and Cyrilla's remembrance went back. They were the very words said to her by John Hartley in their last interview, when he had quitted her in anger. How many a time since had it been in Cyrilla's thoughts. Had she allowed him the hope he craved, would he have come to claim her?

"Do you remember John Hartley?" suddenly asked Mrs. Wilkinson. And the question was so very apposite to what was just then passing in Cyrilla's mind that it struck her into silence.

"The young curate who was at Berton once, and afterwards tried for a minor canonry," proceeded Mrs. Wilkinson, supposing Cyrilla's memory needed to be refreshed, and never noticing the vivid blush on the wan cheeks.

"Yes, I do remember him," was the quiet answer.

"I saw a good deal of him and his wife abroad. Poor Lady Charlotte, a delicate, interesting woman, was in a consumption when they came. Dr. Hartley told me that he brought her quite as a forlorn hope. How he rose! Only picture it, Cyrilla! the position he holds now, and his trying for an humble minor canonry not so many years ago! 'There is a tide in the affairs of men;' he must have taken his at flood time, if any one ever did."

"Did you like Lady Charlotte?" was the low rejoinder.

"It was impossible not to like her. She was aware how little hope remained, and the prospect of leaving her husband and child was the greatest grief to her. She lingered nearly a twelve month after they came out, and then died. She has been dead—oh, going on for two years now."

"Was he much altered—Mr. Hartley?"

"Dr. Hartley, Cyrilla," laughed Mrs. Wilkinson, "don't you forget his honors. Very little altered indeed. Just the same free, unaffected man that he was as a curate. He asked me if I recollected his rejection at Oldchurch by the Dean and Capter. Lady Charlotte made him tell her the story. I remember his saying, 'Ah, Charlotte, had I been successful then, I should never have married you?'"

"Service is over: they are coming out of college," broke in Cyrilla.

So they were; by stragglers, as they went into it. Lady Hume came up to them.

"We were talking of Dr. Hartley," Mrs. Wilkinson remarked to her. "How strangely he has got on! But it is of course owing to his father-in-law, Lord Saxonby."

"Cyrilla's old flame," returned Mrs. Hume.

"Caroline!" remonstrated Cyrilla, with a burning face.

Mary Wilkinson looked at them; at the one, and at the other. Cyrilla's confused look puzzled her. "You do not mean to say there was ever anything between him and Cyrilla!" she impulsively uttered.

"Something there undoubtedly was," said Lady Hume. "I cannot tell you what. I fancy there would have been more, but that papa discovered it."

"If there was anything, why did he not come back and claim Cyrilla when he could do it?" cried Mrs. Wilkinson. "Why have married Charlotte Saxonby?"

She, Cyrilla, hastened to the screaming children. Lady Hume, replying to the question, threw back her head, very much after the manner of the ex-sub-dean.

"He would not have dared to come. A man who had put up for one of our minor canons, would never have the assurance really to offer himself to a canon's daughter."

"Oh, Caroline! that's just like you!" laughed Mary Wilkinson. "I would not be as proud as you for the world."

Before another word was spoken, the cathedral death bell struck out, and went booming over the city. Three times three, and some quick strokes after it in succession, betokening that a soul had just passed to its account. It was not a familiar sound, for that bell did not condescend to toll for ordinary mortals; and the three ladies stood transfixed.

"The passing bell!" exclaimed Cyrilla, scarcely above her breath. "It—I fear—it must be for the dean!"

With one accord, they turned their eyes on the deanery windows. The blinds were being drawn down; little need to inquire further. But at that moment the senior sexton was emerging from the cloisters, and they made a sign to him. He came up, touching his hat.

"Yes, ladies, it is tolling for the dean. He died ten minutes ago. Like a lamb, his servant says, he went off at the last."

II.

Never, sure, was there the like commotion in any staid cathedral as that which suddenly it burst on Oldchurch! The news, startling it to its centre, came to it one morning some two or three weeks subsequent to the death of the dean.

He, poor old man, had been buried with all honors, many of the canons coming to Oldchurch to attend the funeral. Once under the ground he was of course forgotten, according to the custom of this world, and Oldchurch, especially its clergy, busied itself with speculations as to his successor. Le roi est mort, vive le roi!

The fortunate man was generally expected to be Dr. Maude. Dr. Maude himself entertained no doubt whatever on the point. Albeit scarcely equal to raise a canon of a cathedral to be its dean, the Doctor, and others also, had their private reasons for believing it would be done in this instance. Dr. Maude looked upon the post as already his; and he held up his head higher than before (if that could well be), and hardly allowed his buckled shoes to touch the ground, as he trod Oldchurch streets. "Dean Maude!" he fondly repeated over to himself again and again; and the sound was as the sweetest incense to his soul.

"Has the appointment come?" asked Mr. Lane, abruptly breaking in upon the doctor one evening with the question, as he sat over his wine after dinner. "Have you received it?"

"No; not yet," replied the Doctor eagerly. "Why?"

"I've just seen it in one of the evening papers. It states that the appointment is made; but no names are mentioned."

"It's on its way, no doubt," said the Doctor; "those papers always get hold of things first. Sit down, Lane, and take some wine. We shall get news in the morning."

The Doctor was right. News came in by the morning post. The new dean was named. But it was not Dr. Maude that the Chapter of Oldchurch was recommended to elect as its head, it was John Hartley, D.D.

You cannot wonder at the commotion. At the commotion that ensued in the Chapter House, or at the interval commotion which racked the mind, and fizzed in the brain of Dr. Maude. It was more than a morning's wonder.

But the Chapter had no thought of rebelling against the mandate. Dr. Hartley was not a man to be despised for his own sake, and he had a powerful friend in that great personage, the Earl of Saxonby, who could make deans with a movement of his little finger. John Hartley stood high amidst the clergy; he had made the world respect him; and the Chapter of Oldchurch cathedral generally regarded the appointment with complacency; looking upon that little interlude of his putting up for a subordinate post under them, some ten years before, as a sort of romance in life's history. But, Doctor Maude? In the first place, he was grievously disappointed; had even the Archbishop of Canterbury chosen to constitute himself Dean of Oldchurch, Dr. Maude would have resented it as a personal grievance. In the second place, a canon likes to tind well with his dean. But how would his new dean regard *him?*—how would he resent the the contempt, the scorn, once lavished upon him with unnecessary bitterness? Take it for all in all, Dr. Maude was not in a state of jovial merriment.

Cyrilla had gone forth that morning to see the bedridden mother of one of the vergers. The verger, returning to his home after morning service, met Cyrilla as he was quitting it.

"So the new dean is coming at last, ma'am!" he said, when his bow was over.

"The new dean!" echoed Cyrilla, somewhat startled, for she had been aware of the expectations of Dr. Maude.

"The news has come down this morning, ma'am, and it has took everybody by surprise. We should have guessed at anybody rather than him. He is not quite strange to the college—though he never thought to be dean of it, I'll answer. I mind him well, Miss Maude; especially when we were going to have him for one of the minor-canons; and did not, after all!"

"Who is it?" asked the wondering Cyrilla.

"It's Dr. Hartley, ma'am; young Hartley as we'd used to call him then. If he's only half as pleasant now, he'll be the most popular dean Oldchurch has ever known. There's a dozen women, pretty well, clearing out the deanery, for fear it should not be ready for him."

The man talked on, but Cyrilla heard him not. John Hartley coming there as Dean!

It was even so. Verily, as the canons said to one another, it was more like a romance than an episode of real life.

Dr. Hartley arrived at Oldchurch in due course, the deanery having been made ready for him. He came on a Saturday evening, too late for any of the clergy to see him that night. All the ten prebendaries were at Oldchurch; having assembled not only to elect and welcome their new dean, but because it was the time of the November audit. It was understood that the dean should read himself in at morning service, and the cathedral was crowded as it had rarely been.

Once more, as connected with this little history, the bedesmen stood at the chapter door; once more they bent their bodies in reverence, as the clergy came forth into the cloisters. *He* was at their head, John Hartley, wearing his white robes, with the scarlet badge of a Doctor of Divinity, carrying his trencher in his hand, and a small roll of paper, or parchment. But for the greatest effort, Cyrilla would have burst into hysterical tears as the procession came on and entered the choir, marshalled by the vergers and bedesmen. The lay-clerks and college boys, the minor-canons, the prebendaries and the Bishop, who happened to be at Oldchurch. The people stood up; the organ pealed out the strains of the Hallelujah chorus. Upon reaching the Dean's stall, the Bishop turned half round and bowed his head, perhaps to indicate to its new occupant which it was—as if John Hartley did not know!—and then passed on to his throne. The canons stood round, waiting while he stepped into it—he, John Hartley! All this pomp and ceremony for him! Cyrilla glanced at him. Some lines of silver streaked his hair; but his face had not much altered. He appeared to look taller; certainly he was more noble and commanding. In the pew underneath him, that would have belonged to his wife, had he possessed a wife, sat a lady of some forty years. It was understood to be Lady Elizabeth Saxonby, the eldest sister of his late wife. She had been much with him since that lady's death, for the sake of the little motherless girl.

There was no chanting that memorable day. The dean read the prayers and lessons. A sonorous voice was his. And when the prayers were over, he unrolled the parchment, and read out his title and his appointment. "I, John Hartley, Doctor of Divinity," &c., &c. Did he call to mind the time

when he sat by the minor canons, aspiring only to be made one of *them?* Ay, that he did; and so did Dr. Maude. Next, he went to the Communion-table, preceded by those bowing bedesmen, six of them, and followed by Dr. Maude, who was in residence, and Mr. Pope; taking his own place at its head, and reading the Commandments. Yes, from that day forward, he, John Hartley, was the head and master of Oldchurch cathedral. He did not preach; it was not his place that day to do so; it was Dr. Maude's. And the Doctor, swallowing his mortification, and eating humble pie, gave a very good doctrinal sermon. But for the unfortunate fact that he was taking his close residence, the Doctor might possibly have had a cold that Sunday, and stayed away from service. He had decided, however, to put a good face on the matter, and welcome the new dean. It would have never have done to let his resentment appear.

"Are you friendly with the dean, papa?" Lady Hume inquired of her father that night. Cyrilla would not have dared to ask it.

"Friendly?" retorted the Doctor in a lofty tone of surprise, as if he had always been on terms of brotherly love with John Hartley—for if he did have to eat humble-pie, the world was not to see it go down. "What should hinder it, pray? The dean was remarkably cordial to-day, and inquired particularly after the health and welfare of my family." The plain fact of the matter being, that the dean had been as polite to Dr. Maude, as he was to the Chapter generally. He certainly did say, "I hope your family are well, Dr. Maude."

"You and Cyrilla must call on Lady Elizabeth to-morrow," went on the Doctor.

Cyrilla lifted her eyes with a start. "*I* call, papa?"

The canon gave her one of his haughty stares. "Of course. I cannot allow my family to be wanting in courtesy to that of Lord Haxonby."

Cyrilla, however, did not go. Delicately sensitive and refined, she shrank from the bare idea of meeting the Dean incidentally; how, then, could she go, boldfaced, to his house? Lady Hume proceeded thither alone in state in the Doctor's carriage, in her satins and her bracelets, doing duty for the family collectively. A coldly imperious woman looked she; and Lady Elizabeth found her to be such.

"You would like her sister better," remarked Mrs. Wilkinson, who had come in as Lady Hume was departing—for the deanery was besieged by ladies that day; the Dean was a free man, remember. "No two sisters can well be more unlike, than Lady Hume and Miss Maude."

"Oh, poor thing, she is quiet to a fault, is Cyrilla Maude," said a young lady, who was sitting there, the late archdeacon's daughter. "A regular old maid, she is; goes about amongst the poor, and all that."

"And takes care of her sister's children, who wont take care of them for herself, and is all that is good and loving to everybody," spoke up Mary Wilkinson, hotly, the disparagement of Cyrilla grating on her ear. "Do you remember Cyrilla Maude?" she added, turning to the Dean.

"Yes. Oh yes, I remember her," was the impassive answer, delivered in a most impassive tone.

"I observed a lady sitting in the pew with Lady Hume yesterday; perhaps that was Miss Maude?" remarked Lady Elizabeth. "A sweet-looking woman, with an expression of sadness in her face. One might fancy that some great care had passed over her, and left its traces."

"That was Cyrilla Maude," cried the archdeacon's daughter. "As to care?—I don't know what care she can have; unless it is that she's not married."

"That she is not, is her own fault," said Mrs. Wilkinson. "She might have had young Leader. He is Sir Charles now. He asked her twice over, and she made no secret of it."

"She may marry yet," observed Lady Elizabeth.

"It is scarcely likely," returned the young lady. "Why, she must be two-or-three and thirty!—nobody would ask her."

"I add several years on to thirty, and sometimes I think my chance may not be gone yet," laughed Lady Elizabeth, good-humoredly. And the archdeacon's daughter blushed to her fingers' ends; she had made a mistake in her good manners.

III.

The precincts were up in arms. The Dean of Oldchurch was about to hold an evening reception, and the cards for it had gone out but charily. Those who got them were wild with delight; those who did not get them were wild with anger. The forgotten ones, this time, would be remembered another—but that did not mollify present wounds.

Cards had come to Dr. Maude's. For Dr. Maude, for Lady Hume, and for Miss Maude. "Do you go, Cyrilla?" asked the Doctor with indifference.

"Yes, papa," was the quiet answer. "I *must* get over the first meeting with him," thought Cyrilla to herself. "As well do it now as later."

The evening came. Lady Hume was gorgeous, in black velvet and pearls; Cyrilla simple, in white crape—for they had gone into slight mourning; the Doctor wore silver buckles in his shoes and breeches, and was as polished as a Doctor of Divinity can be. The Dean came forward cordially.

Once more his pleasant tones sounded on Cyrilla's ear in friendly greeting; once more the tips of her white-gloved fingers were within his. What she answered she never knew. Her very lips were white, her tongue was half paralyzed; all she felt was, that she made herself a simpleton and that he must have seen she did. Taking refuge in the quietest corner to be found, she had a dreadful recollection of having called him "Mr. Hartley" and then mending it with "Mr. Dean."

The Dean's young daughter was in the room; a fair child between three and four years old. She released herself from a lady who was holding her prisoner, and ran up to Cyrilla.

"What is your name?" inquired Cyrilla.

"Charlotte. Where are the little girls?"

"Little girls?" repeated Cyrilla, not understanding.

"Those little girls that played with me in the Green Walk this afternoon. They played with me after you went into the house."

"Did they?" said Cyrilla. "They are in bed now. They will play with you another time."

"Papa said I ought to be in bed. But Aunt Elizabeth said I should come in first. She——"

"Are you making acquaintance with my little girl, Miss Maude?"

The speaker was the Dean; who had come up to them. Cyrilla collected her senses, and answered as she might have answered any other dean.

"She is making acquaintance with me, rather, I think. It appears she recognized me as belonging to my little nieces, and came to inquire after them. I tell her they are in bed."

"Ah! like good children. You hear, Charlotte?"

Charlotte flew away. Possibly, lest the mandate should be issued for her.

"How very little Oldchurch appears to be altered!" resumed the Dean.

"Not much, I believe."

"You have lost all your sisters, Miss Maude."

"Yes; they are all married. Some are in one place, some in another. One is in India. She went out with Lady Hume, and married there."

"Are they well at Barton Rectory?"

"Quite well, thank you. My uncle is getting feeble. He met with an accident; a bad fall; and has never been the same active man since."

"I shall go over and see them some day. Are you often there?"

"Very seldom now. I stay at home, now that papa is alone."

"And your brother Edmund?"

"He is quite well, thank you. He paid us a visit in the summer."

A few more sentences, in which he still called her Miss Maude, coldly polite as these were, and the Dean moved away. She did not come in contact with him again. "I am glad it is over," she thought, as she left the deanery. "It was only the first meeting I dreaded."

Twilight was on the earth the following evening; twilight, almost darkness, lay on the cloisters. Cyrilla Maude, who had gone in to sit with Mary Wilkinson for ten minutes, and had sat an hour and ten, came hastily out at Mr. Lane's cloister door, as being the nearest way home. She sped along the south side, and in turning the corner into the west, ran right against—the Dean.

"Oh, I—I—*beg* your pardon," panted Cyrilla, when the darkness allowed her to discover who it was. And she would have darted speedily away, but the Dean's hand was laid upon her. No wonder. He had a right to know who had thus unceremoniously flown against him.

"Is it you, Cyrilla?"

"Indeed I beg your pardon, Dr. Hartley. I was running home from Mr. Lane's. I never heard your steps."

"There were no steps to hear," said the Dean. "In passing through the cloisters I had halted, and was looking over into the graveyard. Upon hearing your footsteps, I turned away, and you came against me."

"I am very sorry; indeed I am. Please to let me go, Dr. Hartley."

"Presently," he answered, retaining his hold. "Have you forgotten the evening when you and I stood together here before? Ten years ago."

Had she forgotten it! She did not speak, but he might have heard her heart beat.

"Cyrilla, how is it to be? Shall the old feelings be renewed?—or are we to remain strangers, playing false before the world and each other?"

She burst into a flood of distressing tears. "Oh! do not you mock me! I have suffered enough without that."

"What do you mean, Cyrilla? Mock *you!* You, who have lain enshrined in my heart all these years; though not awakened from it into life! And—unless I am entirely mistaken—as I have lain in yours."

She cried still; more softly. He drew her nearer to him with his all-protecting arm.

"Will you come home to me, and be my little girl's mother?"

"It could not be," she sobbed. "I am not fit now. What would the world say?"

"Say!—the world!" he uttered. "Not fit! Why are you not fit?"

"I am more than thirty years old, and my hair is going gray," she meekly answered. "It would say you should choose one younger and fairer."

"I am thirty-eight," laughed the Dean, "and my hair is grayer than yours. Oh, Cyrilla! unselfish as ever! Do you know, my darling, that, were your hair white, and your years threescore, I would rather wed you, than all the younger and fairer ones in the world?"

She no longer essayed to draw away from him; she stole her hand into his, and laid her face upon his shoulder; and the Dean—Dean though he was—took from it what kisses he pleased.

"I must go now," she softly whispered. "I must indeed."

"When I choose to let you. You are a prisoner in my own domains, Miss Maude. The cloisters belong to me now, please to remember—and I shall not release you until I think fit. They were not mine, exactly that other night."

"How did you get out, that night?"

"I did not get out. I remained in them until morning."

"Oh, John!"

"I did. Ah, Cyrilla! I have undergone more for the love of you than you may think for. You ought to recompense me."

"How ever shall I be able to tell papa?" she whispered.

"Don't tell him," said the Dean, laughing; "leave it to me."

"Do you know, I cannot think of you as the Dean of Oldchurch," resumed Cyrilla, as they walked arm-in-arm toward Dr. Maude's door. "You have seemed to me, ever since you came, as the plain John Hartley of old. Except when I see you marching into the cathedral at the head of them all. And then I can scarcely believe it."

"I may be the Dean to the world; to you I am John Hartley. Cyrilla!"

"What?" she asked.

"Cast your thoughts back to the night we parted. Where is the difference between the promise I wished you to give me, and the actual facts, as they have turned out? I asked you to let me win you when I became grand enough for Dr. Maude; and I have done so."

"A thousand times have I repented not giving you the promise," she impulsively rejoined, her eyelashes again becoming wet. "It seemed, in these latter years, as though I had brought all my misery upon myself. I think it is that, John, which has silvered my hair."

He wrung her hand, saw her enter, and turned off to the deanery.

"I suppose you will not refuse Cyrilla to me now, Dr. Maude," cried the Dean, the following day—which was the way that he, without preparation or circumlocution, entered upon the matter. "She is willing to become my wife, subject to your approval."

Dr. Maude was taken utterly by surprise. Never for a moment had he believed the Dean would renew his attentions to Cyrilla. His face turned scarlet, and he bent his body nearly as low as the old bedesman, muttering words of "the honor conferred upon his daughter by Mr. Dean."

Mr. Dean laughed outright—and could not help it. He was thinking of the strange changes, the ups and downs, that occur on the stage of life.

And Cyrilla, with a thankful heart, a loving spirit, entered upon her new home, her new duties, under the sheltering care of one who would ever guide and love her. And the demoiselles of the precincts, when they got over their mortification—for not one but had cast an eye, on her own account, to the new and attractive Dean—did wonder greatly at the change apparent in her. For, if Cyrilla Maude had looked worn and sad enough for an old maid, Cyrilla Hartley looked blooming and young, as though no wife had ever been so happy.

Perhaps few had. Cyrilla would tell you so.

☞ A story, which of course is not true, is told of one of the Indian warriors who recently visited Washington. He was detected in the act of casting covetous glances upon the abundant tresses of a Washington young lady, and when he admitted to the interpreter that he ardently longed for her attractive scalp, that astute person made him entirely happy by purchasing a precisely similar head of hair and presenting it to him.

☞ A lunatic in Newark, N. J., has just succeeded in starving himself to death. He believed it a sin to eat, and, adhering rigidly to his conviction, died Thursday, 7th ult., having first reduced himself to a fearfully emaciated condition.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The "Fifth Avenue" Calamity.—Shocking as the terrible results of the fire at the Fifth Avenue (New York) Hotel turn out to be, it is some slight relief to find that the unfortunate victims are not so many as the first reports caused every one to fear. Yet the agonies suffered by the eleven poor girls, startled from their beds at the top of a lofty building in the dead of night by fire all around them, what imagination can conceive, or what words express. With two small avenues of escape, a narrow stairway, and a window opening on to a roof a hundred feet up in the air, they fly first toward one and then to the other, only to find both barred by walls of flame, and then lie down to die the most torturing of all possible deaths. Every instinct of humanity shrinks away from the contemplation of a spectacle so awful in its surroundings. But the knowledge that such a calamity has occurred in an establishment well supplied with fire apparatus, supposed to be closely watched and well policed, and the thought that others may occur with victims more numerous, though not suffering worse individual torments, unite in forcing once more on public attention the imperative necessity of doing something more than has ever yet been done to avert such fearful disasters.

This fire has already caused a controversy as to whether the Fifth Avenue Hotel authorities did their duty promptly, or were negligent after the fire was discovered. There have been statements and counter-statements published under this head. If these poor girls could have been saved, and any one who ought to have looked after their safety failed to do so, that person has come under grave responsibility, and ought to be held to it; but, having no trustworthy information on that subject, we think it best to leave it without discussion until something is developed upon which the public can rely. Meanwhile, the other aspect of the case—what *may* happen, and how best to guard against future possibilities or probabilities—ought to be considered without delay by all competent to discuss the subject or who are charged with the responsibilities of Fire Departments in cities furnished with great hotels and other lofty buildings. With no inconsiderable opportunities in the observation of serious conflagrations, we again express the belief that the questions of how to meet them, how best to subdue them, what are the most efficient means and apparatus for guarding against the terrible consequences they sometimes bring in their train—have never been systematically, thoroughly, practically investigated, much less provided for in any of our American cities. These questions are of the utmost importance. They would be highly important if they only referred to the destruction of property, but they are of supreme consequence in their relation to human suffering and horrible destruction of human life.

We conceive that the Chicago and Boston destruction, and now this shocking Fifth Avenue Hotel calamity, ought to compel universal recognition of the fact that the existing apparatus and means to meet the probable emergencies of fires in modern cities, with their numerous piles of lofty buildings, some of which are inhabited day and night by scores or hundreds of people, are utterly insufficient. The means of getting copious supplies of water to the tops of buildings, or for getting ingress to and egress from them in time of fire, either by those inside, or those outside who come to the rescue, might have answered for the American cities of a hundred years ago, but now, when buildings are put up in compact blocks, five, six, seven, even ten stories in height, they are of no manner of use in conflagrations, even if they should be got to the fire ground in time. There are already in existence, however, modern appliances for all these and similar emergencies. Whether they are the best that can be devised is one subject for investigation; but whether best or not, some such auxiliaries to private precautions and public fire departments have become indispensable to the preservation of property and life in our large cities.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Weather Reporting.—Old Probabilities is improving. Last year his guesses at the condition of the weather, for a certain period of time after he gave his opinions, were verified by facts which established that out of every 100 forecasts, 69 were absolutely verified and 31 proved to be failures. But since that time "Old Probs," being older, is becoming wiser. He can say with Lochiel:

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

The average for the present year shows that "Probs" has increased exactly seven and eight-tenths per cent. in his vaticinations. Of his prognostications during the present year more than three-fourths have been fulfilled, and Secretary Belknap says if he could only get his reports regularly at midnight from the regions west and south of the Alleghanies, "Probs" would be able to instruct us here in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States exactly what the weather is to be with a certainty of a mathematical demonstration. We hope that the War Department will be able to perfect its signal service. With all his short-comings, "Old Probabilities" is admitted to be a most valuable counsellor. We should regret his loss, and are willing, in Eastern hyberpole, to wish that he may live a thousand years, becoming by perfection in his arrangements, such an oracle as will utter his predictions, sure in all cases of their receiving implicit belief and obedience.

☞ At last we have a new and genteel euphonism for legs. Limbs was ridiculed out of good society long ago. A clergyman, Sunday, spoke of the horse disease as reducing man to his "awkward devices." This will do, girls!

☞ A valuable horse belonging to the Rochester fire department lay dying of the "epizootic." A fire alarm sounded, and the noble animal, true to his impulses, raised himself upon his feet and fell back dead.

☞ A Maine paper tells a story of a sea captain, just returned from a long voyage, who was told by a commission merchant the sad news that his wife had died. "Wife dead!" said the captain, "well now, do you know I didn't think she was long-lived. *How's freights?*"

☞ A correspondent of the London Daily News, stationed on this side of the water, writes home, in unfeigned astonishment, "that on election day ladies promenaded the streets just as on any other day."

☞ "Charley, what make your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's lover of a little five-year-old urchin. "'Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day." It was an embarrassing disclosure all around. At least Charley thought so after the visitor had gone.

☞ The Detroit Free Press makes the following correction:—"An item is going the rounds stating that a Detroit sailor refused to ship on board a vessel after seeing a rat swim ashore from her, and that the vessel went down the very next trip. The real facts of the case are that the sailor saw a hundred rats, as well as a pile of snakes, and was taken to the hospital to recover. The vessel went down—down to Toledo—making one of the quickest trips on record."

☞ There is a little boy in Macon who can stand on the sole of his head twenty minutes without his liver turning over. This is because he shot his grandmother in the left spectacle with an Alabama sling. His father salted him down so that he can't take his ease in the usual direction, and he gets up on his head to rest himself.—*Savannah News.*

☞ Mrs. Van Cott preaches in her bonnet.—*Exchange.* We certainly supposed she preached in a church.—*Albany Times.*

☞ In Kansas a divorce was granted, and the lady remarried to "a confused and blushing youth," in the brief space of twelve minutes.

☞ A Catskill man was so disappointed at his prospective bride's delay that he went to her dress-maker, tacked the unfinished bridal-dress under his arm, and taking it to his intended, told her it was "now or never." She did not say "never."

☞ What do you expect to see reflected in your inamorata's eyes?—Yourself—if she is a good looking-lass.

☞ A one-armed man in Salem, lately applied for a divorce on the grounds that the hand he had given his wife in marriage, was lost, and that the contract was therefore void.

☞ A notice on the outside of St. Louis street cars says: "Cars can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye."

☞ One Made Happy.—At the Iowa State Fair a reverend gentleman collected one hundred dollars for the conversion of the heathen, and a thief converted the money to his own use. The reverend man does not rejoice, but that one heathen does. Such is life.


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## WIT AND HUMOR.

A POET.

Max Adeler describes a troublesome poet: There is something the matter with a person named G. G. C., who writes poetry for the newspapers. There is always something the matter with such people; but this poet's case seems to be such a particularly bad one that we feel it to be our duty to call the attention of his relatives to his condition. We will do so while we remonstrate with him. He writes to us, for instance, to say:

"I know a river which downward flows
Most swiftly to the sea."

If we might be permitted, G. G. C., we would suggest that this information is not exclusive. We also know a river—in fact, several rivers—in which the same peculiarity has been observed. Indeed, it would be excessively singular if you knew a river which flowed upward to the sea. If such a geographical absurdity existed anywhere in the world, we would go to see it, if it took every railroad pass we could get. The poet, however, goes on to say:

"Oh! let me rest on its bosom, so that
My soul at peace can be."

Personally, we have no objection to your resting on its bosom; but we may throw out the general idea that you will find the amusement uninteresting, unless you know how to swim. You may find peace for your soul by straddling a plank or using a life-preserver; but even then your legs will be wet, and a restless soul with soaked legs probably cannot have peace. We do not know this, but we have an impression of that kind. You remark, further:

"What if its waters are cold and dark?"

We frankly confess that we do not know what. We abandon the conundrum at the outset; and we are equally at a loss for an explanation when you observe:

"So is my weary soul!"

Your soul may be dark; we are willing to believe that it is. But how can it be cold? A man with a cold soul is a phenomenal being. We never met with one, and we have no remedy to suggest; but it does seem unlikely that you can make it warmer by swimming in the river in December. You seem to think that

"In its black depths I shall find repose
As its billows onward roll."

Excuse me for suggesting that you probably do not understand that as soon as you sink, the catfish and eels will begin to nibble at you. You will not find repose. You will be a kind of useless bait. If you wish to benefit your race after death it would be a good idea to sew some fish-hooks on your clothes, so that it may be worth while to pull you up. We do not insist on this; but, if you think well of it, do not hesitate to accept the idea for fear of not seeming original. We charge nothing for these things.

"They will sweep me on to the moaning sea,
Filled with a holy calm."

We are not quite certain whether you intended the last word for "calm" or "clam." We have adopted the former—first, because we are not aware that there is such a thing as a holy clam; second, because, if there was, we do not understand how you could fill yourself up with clams out there in the river; third, because the idea seemed to be that you were to be filled and not the moaning sea, which has many clams and but few calms. Let it stand as it is. We couldn't spoil the sense of this poem if we should print the whole of it backward. It is entirely too good. You conclude with the remark:

"And the billows above will shut me out
From a world of empty sham."

Possibly they will. And the world of empty sham will be just glad as you are—perhaps gladder. We all feel here, in this world of sham, that we can spare you. All we ask is, that when you are gone you will not apply to any spiritualist medium to write out any communication from the other world for our papers. We have our doubts about you. We are, in fact, almost certain that no sooner will your cold soul be disembodied than you will begin to rap out your peculiar kind of poetry upon tables. If you have any such design, and you want us to put you into print, you had better leave your estate to the proprietors of this paper, our rates are fifty cents a line for your kind of poetry, and we shall publish no more unless the manuscript is accompanied by the cash.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

RAILROAD EPISODES.

The fool John says:—"I got into another episode last week. I was sitting subdued and quiet in a horse-car. I wasn't aware that I was occuping more space than was desirable. The conductor came along. He had a tin plate stolen off some dog collar, hitched to his hat; says he, 'Make a little room, sir.'

"Says I, 'You want me to make a little room, do you?'

"Says he, 'Yes, I do.'

"Says I, 'What kind of a room do you want, a bath-room or a billiard-room?'

"Says he, 'Sir, there is room for eleven on this seat.'

"Says I, 'Sir, there isn't.'

"Says he, 'There is eleven on the other side.'

"Says I, 'I see it, and there is ten on this side now, and you tell me there is room for eleven more.'

"Says he, 'I mean there is room for one more.'

"Says I, 'Well, why in thunder didn't you say so? One isn't eleven.'

"He smiled with such an expression of entire woe, that the driver shouted whoa to his horses.

"I had just one more controversy in that car. It was with a man who looked as if he had swallowed an entire Sunday-school class and the straw hat of the last scholar had stuck in his mouth. His cheeks puffed out so that if a pin had been stuck through them the hole would have whistled. This man insisted that there was always three feet to a yard. I told him 'I had seen a yard with over a hundred feet to it.'

"Says he, 'What kind of a yard?'

"Says I, 'A cattle-yard.

"Says he, 'Oh!'

"Says I, 'What?'

"Says he, 'I owe you one.'

"Says I, 'Oh!'

"This is the time of the year to dig umbrellas, plant parasols and milk cocoanuts."

A "DOLLY VARDEN" MAP.

The Brookville Jeffersonian says:—"A lady in town who is frequently annoyed by her husband coming home at a late hour in a doubtful condition, was awakened the other night by a voice in her room. Looking up, she saw her liege lord endeavoring to trace the lines on her 'Dolly Varden,' which was hung against the wall, while a boon companion was holding the lamp. 'What do you mean by bringing a man into my room at this hour of the night?' inquired the indignant wife. 'Just keep quiet (hic) old woman. Bill says Punx'tawney is directly South, (hic) and I'm going to prove him a (hic) liar if he holds that lamp (hic) still long enough for me to find (hic) it on this map.'"

The following not altogether bootless incident is related by the Boston Commercial Bulletin:—

"Sozzle, who has been at the sea-shore, and was recently seen to shoot out of a bar-room door with such rapidity that he lost his balance and fell forward, accounted for his rapid exit by saying it was the effect of the movement of an under toe."

## FAREWELL, MA MIE.

Farewell, *ma mie*, since part we must,
And each from each must sever!
How brief the word—how long the pain!
To part—and part forever!
'Twere bootless now to question why,
Or tax the dying ember—
Enough! The wrathful moons have changed
Our May to sad December.

Farewell, *ma mie*, since part we must,
We'll part in quiet fashion;
For us no foolish tears, you know,
For us no foolish passion.
You sometimes wished that you had died
Ere you had ever met me—
The future years are all your own,
Wherein to quite forget me.

We drained love's goblet to the dregs,
With neither rhyme nor reason,
And shamed the fervor of the days
Through all a Summer's season.
We drank the cup of passion dry
Through lips, our spirits blending;
How strange that that should cease to be
Which once we thought unending.

I saw you first when early Spring
Just ripped with green the heather;
The robin piped upon the tree,
All nature came together.
The light of love was in our eyes,
And you were happy hearted—
The brown leaves lie beneath us now,
And we, *ma mie*, are parted!

But why should love like yours survive
The fading of the pansy?
An April blossom of the heart,
'Twas but a Summer's fancy;
And if the thought of it should chance
To cross my mind hereafter,
How like an April day 'twill seem—
A thing of tears and laughter.

But back, *ma mie*, you'll sometimes turn,
Your thoughtful vigils keeping,
To other days where, easy slain,
Our barred love lies sleeping;
And haply, then, you'll learn to feel,
When Memory stirs the ember,
How sad the heart which would forget,
But must the past remember!

## A NOBLE WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

The girl was half reclining in a rustic seat behind the arbor. She was in a half-dreamy state. The bees buzzed in and out among the flowers near by, but she did not hear them. A mocking-bird alighted on a bush, and poured forth his liveliest strains, but she did not note the sound. The song of the laborer and lowing of cattle that echoed from the fields, did not reach her senses. At that moment she was unconscious of all the beauties of nature, of all harmonies or pleasant sounds, of all the fragrance of the country.

But she was not unconscious of a pain that was gnawing at her heart. Lately the deepest sleep that she could get, could not cause her to lose the realization of that. It was ever present with her.

And why was this?

The girl's name was Ellice Burke. She had a lover whose name was Charles Vane. They had been engaged for six months. Two weeks before this morning she had come down to this pleasant place, Heathcote Farm, as a guest of her friend, Virginia Heathcote, and had found Charles Vane already here. And almost immediately she became aware of that which caused her pain. Charles Vane, *her* lover, was hovering about another woman; evidently deeply fascinated by that other.

*Her* name was Maud Danforth. She was a very beautiful woman, and, beyond all doubt, had been a very decided flirt. Ellice had heard of her frequently, and had met her occasionally before she had found her here, like herself, a guest of the Heathcotes.

The last two weeks had been miserable ones to Ellice. She understood fully how matters were, but had been compelled to hide her pain under a calm and even gay exterior. What a bitter fact stared her in the face! The man she loved no longer loved her, as it seemed.

Charles Vane had been trying all these days to keep up the semblance of his regard for her, and had asked for no release from his engagement. There were several other guests with the Heathcotes, but none of them knew of the bond between her and Charles. They knew, however, of his affair with Maud Danforth, but what else could they call it but a flirtation? Nothing, truly in view of her reputation.

And the realization of all this was what was present with Ellice as she sat behind the arbor, causing the pain at her heart.

Presently two people came down the garden walk together and entered the arbor. Ellice did not hear their steps. But when a man spoke, she heard *that*. It was Charles Vane's voice that was sounding in her ears, and he had called the name of Maud Danforth. These two were conversing about no common-place subject. No! and if Miss Danforth was only flirting with Vane, she had secured her victim firmly; and if it was more than a flirtation on her part, she had achieved a victory, for *he* was pouring forth passionate words.

"Oh! Maud," he was saying, "I love you with all my heart, madly, better than my life."

Ah! if he could have beheld the deathly white face of the girl outside, a pang of remorse as keen as he thought his love for Maud Danforth strong, must have touched his heart. Ellice Burke was hearing those words, words that aroused her fully from all dreams, yet at the same time took away her powers of volition, that numbed her heart, that bound her in the chains of despair.

"Maud, Maud Danforth, my darling," Vane continued, "is there any hope for me? Do you love me?"

There was a moment's silence. Then the answer came—an answer that showed that Maud Danforth was *not* flirting this time, that showed that however much she may have trifled in the past, she was not trifling now. Her very voice was full of triumphant happiness.

"Oh, Charley, I do love you."

Then bush and sky and flower faded from the sight of Ellice Burke, and all became dark to her. She heard no more, and in unconsciousness she found a temporary relief. She never knew how long or how short the time was in which she lay in that condition. When she came to herself she rose to her elbow on the rustic seat, and mechanically listened for the voices of the two in the arbor. When several moments had passed and she heard no sounds, she knew that they had left it. Then with a sigh her head fell back upon her arm again.

Oh! the bitter pain at her heart. She knew now that heretofore hope had not quite fled, that she had still cherished the thought that perhaps Charles Vane might love *her* best, that only a temporary fascination might be drawing him to Maud Danforth. But now the whole miserable truth that she was nothing to him was apparent.

At last she was able to rise to her feet. She managed to reach her room unobserved by any one. She locked her door and sank down upon a sofa. Long, long, she reclined there. It seemed as if despair was consuming her heart. Would this blow kill her?

"Am I dying? Am I dying?" she asked herself.

Then a long, dry sob shook her; then another, and another; then came a burst of tears, the first that all this agony had caused her to shed.

Blessed tears! they soothed and calmed her. They quieted to an extent the keen agony that had been gnawing at her heart.

When the bell rang for dinner she bathed her face. Looking in the glass she saw no especial change in herself. She had suffered, but her countenance did not show it particularly. She was glad of this.

EMOTIONAL!

"An *open* countenance denotes a gentle and good-tempered character." Still we think if Messrs. Darwin and Huxly were to act on that theory and enter the den, their emotion would not be one of unmixed pleasure.

"Of course I shall still have to wear a mask," she murmured to herself.

A sad smile touched her lips. "I suppose I will have to be gay," was her thought. "I will bear it here for a day or two, and then I will go away."

And at dinner no one could have guessed how she had been and was suffering.

A day passed. To the sensitive girl there came no thought of any but one course that she should pursue. She could never, never again think of Charles Vane as her lover. She would release him, of course.

But right there was that from which she shrank. She dreaded to approach *him* on the subject. She was bearing it all bravely, but *that* seemed too much.

Circumstances assisted her, however. She was sitting behind the arbor again, not dreaming this time, but wide awake to the bitter reality, when she heard the voices of some persons coming down the paths to the arbor. Very shortly she knew that the persons were Charles Vane and Maud Danforth. They entered the arbor, Charles making a commonplace remark as they did so. Then there seemed to be a pause in their conversation.

Ellice rose to go. She did not wish to overhear any of *their* love-making. No! She could not bear that *now*. Then she heard words that caused her to stay.

"Does Ellice know yet?" asked Maud Danforth.

"No," replied Vane; "I dread to tell her."

Ellice's hands clasped tightly together. So Maud knew *all* then.

"Poor Ellice!" Maud continued, "I pity her. But oh, Charles, I love you!"

Ellice knew that there was a genuine quiver of pain in Maud's voice. No doubt these two were suffering for the wrong that they were doing her. Should she hide her pain and help them? She took counsel with her heart and decided that she would. A second later she stood in the arbor before them.

"I know that you love each other," she said quietly, feeling that they would understand her. "I have known it for some little time."

Probably Maud and Vane expected a burst of wrath to fall on their heads the next moment. But it was not so. It was a noble heart that they had wronged. Ellice reached out her hand to Maud.

"I am sure I wish you very much happiness," she said gayly.

Then she turned to Charles Vane. "Please to forget all that has ever been between us," she said gently.

"Forgive me, Ellice!" he stammered.

"I forgive you freely," she uttered.

That was all she said. She left the arbor and went up to the house.

"I do not think she cares much," Vane said to Maud.

So little did he understand the woman he had once professed to love passionately.

Maud Danforth shook her head. "She is a woman," she said simply. "She masks her pain behind a smile. I know not how much agony may have been at her heart when she said those words so lightly. She is very noble and generous—more so, by far, than I could be under like circumstances. Heaven bless her!"

A day more passed away. Ellice announced to her hostess that she was going away.

"You are very sudden, Ellice," Virginia Heathcote cried. "At any rate you will not go till after the excursion down the river to the Glen. We are all going."

"When is it?" Ellice asked.

"Day after to-morrow."

And as Ellice had no reasonable excuse for hastening off sooner than that, she had to remain.

The afternoon of the excursion came, and a gay party of young people left Heathcote Farm. The Glen was four miles distant.

They reached their destination. It was a picturesque place, shaded and cool. The time sped merrily away, to a portion of the party. At length some one proposed that they should search along the river bank for a boat with which to amuse themselves. The proposition was hailed with delight, and soon some eight or ten of them found themselves at the river shore. Among them, as it chanced, were Ellice Burk, Maud Danforth and Charles Vane.

Two boats were found tied to the shore. One was large enough to hold several persons; the other was a mere shell that would only accommodate two. It was light and dry, however. Nearly all clambered into the large boat.

"Ellice and I will go in the small boat," said Maud Danforth to Charles Vane, the three being yet upon the shore. "I can scull splendidly, and we will get along first-rate."

Maud felt that she should like this girl. She cherished nothing but gratitude and friendship toward her, and wanted a chance to express something of her feelings. Of course Charles Vane consented to the arrangement.

"You must be careful," he said.

"Oh, there is no danger," cried Maud.

A place was given Charles in the larger boat, and with merry shouts they flashed away from shore.

For some time they kept together. Then Maud and Ellice drifted behind.

A silence fell between them. Maud glanced at Ellice with wistful eyes.

"Ellice," she commenced.

But that sentence was never completed, for,

"Halloo!" came sounding merrily across the water. "Hurry, Maud!" cried some one from the other boat.

Maud rose to her feet and waved her handkerchief. Her signal was returned with shouts and laughter.

Then, some way or other, how she could never tell, she lost her balance and fell over the side of the boat. She had only time to scream, and then there was a rush of water about her ears. Ellice Burke rushed toward her and managed to seize her as she rose to the surface.

But alas! the weight of the two upon the side of the shell was too much. In a moment it overturned, and Ellice was struggling in the water too. *She* kept her presence of mind, and managed to grasp the boat.

"Maud, Maud," she cried, "seize the boat and you are safe!"

And with her assistance, Maud, half drowned as she was, succeeded in getting a hold beside her.

But a fearful fact became apparent. The overturned shell *would not sustain the weight of both of them.* It was slowly, slowly sinking.

"Oh, Heaven!" gasped Maud, "must we die?"

Ellice Burke glanced around over the water. The other boat was coming swiftly toward them, but could never reach them in time. In an instant her resolution was formed.

"Maud," she said, "cling fast to the boat and you shall be saved. *He* loves you, and for his sake you shall live."

Then before Maud understood her intentions, she released her hold of the boat. Maud had one glance at her face before she disappeared. Then with a great light shining out of her eyes, the noble woman went down to her death.

Maud Danforth was saved. She became the wife of Charles Vane!

And very often the face of Ellice Burke, as it looked on that never-to-be-forgotten day, comes before her vision, and she realizes fully what a generous heart was broken for her, what a noble existence was sacrificed that she might have life and love!

## WHAT IS THE MATTER?

A disgusted correspondent writes to us as follows:

What is the matter with the mother? Why does she try so hard to exhibit her children, and tell how *frightfully* smart they are? Hear her talk. "Oh, Mrs. Smith! Mamie is *so* funny; she follows me all around, up-stairs and down-stairs, she hides my slippers and curls, and oh! I don't know what to do with her; do I pet? She told papa all about her cat and nine kittens, and when I told her I wanted to talk, she said, '*you be still.*' And, don't you know, I wonder where she learned such naughty things. Now, pet, show Mrs. Smith how you wear mama's false curls." And out the little prodigy comes to show her points, strikes her mother, and climbs into Mrs. Smith's lap. The unhappy lady endures her lot, though she would gladly push her away, but her mother keeps watch. "Oh, she is *such* a funny child, and so smart. Do you know sometimes I think she is not long for this world."

In comes an elderly lady. "Oh, pet," the mother calls, "go and get your kittens, and show to grandma." (No relation.) With a gasp of relief tired Mrs. Smith resigns her to *grandma*, and she piles her cats into the elderly lady's lap, who, unfortunate woman, hates cats like poison, and has very little love for the child. The women try to talk of the weather, the last fires, and even the price of butter. The weather makes the mother think of her precocious infant again. "Oh, pet, go and get your new dress, overskirt, sash, and bright new gaiters."

*Grandma* is ordered (in no mild term), to put "kitty" in the chair, and suffer herself to be made a model of for the benefit of the silly child and sillier mother. The call is ended, and the women start to go; "Now, pet, kiss *grandma*," and with a sigh of relief the poor lady lends her cheek for a last good-bye. Mrs. Smith, having had enough, already goes into the next house to see the same thing over again, only this time the nuisance is a boy. He is trotted out to show his gait, to see if he holds his head right; and he performs like a veteran, speaks like Cobbett's Scotchman, kicks his mother, pounds the cat, and retires. Oh, where are the wise mothers that used to teach their children to be modest and retiring, rather than bold and obtrusive.

A GRANDMOTHER.

NOBLE WORDS.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully said, "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

☞ At East Lynn, Massachusetts, on Thanksgiving Day, a couple were married who had been engaged since 1817.

☞ A rocking-horse in an Elm street family has two yards of red flannel about its neck, and smells strong enough of arnica to knock over an apothecary from the city. The youthful owner cannot go to school because his horse is sick.—*Danbury News.*

☞ A San Jose man is sending socks to the California editors. He wants to improve their understanding, we suspect.

☞ A well-meaning woman in town thinks a beneficial society should be formed to collect clothing to send to the Figians this this winter. She is not aware, perhaps, that two or three gross of straw hats and fifty yards of red string would clothe a regiment of them during the coldest spell.

## TO JEANNIE.

Thou art fair, my Jeannie;
Thou art fair to me!
Thou art fair, my Jeannie,
Fairer none may be.
Let them boast their lilies,
Delicate and tall;
But my bonnie white rose
Is the queen of all.

When the sad sweet twilight
Melts the heart to love,
Then I seek my Jeannie
In the lonely grove;
There, in silent musing,
Hand to hand we stray;
There I kiss my Jeannie—
Who shall say me nay?

Pretty, gentle Jeannie!
Thou'rt so dear to me,
That I vow if need be
I would die for thee!
I would die, and, dying,
Say—though we must part—
Death may take my body,
Jean has still my heart.

A TERRIFIC HURRICANE.—Palazzolo, a flourishing town in Sicily, was recently struck by a terrific hurricane, and one-third of it laid in ruins. Thirty-two persons were killed outright, many more were seriously injured, a thousand families were entirely deprived of their homes, and many hundreds found that they had left to them only one little corner of what was once their dwelling-house. The scene was strange and almost incredible. Roofs were torn to splinters; balconies, shutters, timbers, and trees were sent flying through the air; kitchen utensils were blown through roofs; heavy pieces of furniture flew through windows; building materials were crushed into small fragments. The fierce power of the elements is something awful and grand.

☞ TWO KINDS OF GIVING.—There is more virtue in the small pittance bestowed by some poor, hard-working servant in charity, than in the thousands given by some millionaire, whose generosity is trumpeted the length and breadth of the land. In truth it might be questioned, in many instances, whether it were right to receive the mite so hardly earned, were it not that in this lesson of sacrifice, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

☞ When does a man sneeze three times? When he can't help it.

☞ An old bachelor says if a girl wants to know when she looks most charming in the men's eyes, it is when she wears a simple muslin dress, with a frill of lace round the neck and at the wrists, and no ornaments but youth and freshness. There are more people than old bachelors believe that.

## Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

DIXAN (Trinity, La.), writes: "About three or four weeks ago I asked a question of you, which has not been answered yet. As I think you did not receive my letter, I shall ask again. Suppose a lady makes a call on a new-comer; about three weeks after is on her way to visit some one else, meets the strange lady, or new-comer, three or four blocks from home, who tells me that she is on her way to visit me. Now the question is, shall I return, or ask the lady to please call another day?" We have not seen this question before. Your former letter must have miscarried. As to whether you should return or not depends very greatly on the importance of your other visit. If you have made an engagement to visit a third party, or if for any other reason it is important you should pay this visit, the new-comer would readily excuse you. If, on the contrary, it is of no importance, it would be but courteous for you to return and receive the visit of your new friend.

BLACK WING (Newburgh, O.), writes: "If you are willing, let me ask you a few questions: 1st. Did Robert Fulton use steam for the first time in navigation, or was it used by an Englishman on the Thames before him? 2d. What is the best thing to put on new boots to keep out the water, as my business takes me into a good deal of snow? 3d. Which is the most powerful nation on the globe? 4th. What will prevent pimples about the chin? 5th. Is there such a book as Simm's Life of Marion, and what is the cost? 6th. What is the name of the vessel that sunk the Alabama?" Schemes for the employment of steam in navigation have been broached at various times during the last three centuries, the first recorded dating back to 1543. The earliest recorded practical attempt was that of Count D'Auxiron, who tried his scheme on the Seine, in 1774. It failed from lack of power. In 1775, Perier, a countryman of the Count's, made a similar attempt, with little more success. In 1783 Fitch moved a boat upon the Delaware by steam. In 1787 Rumsey had equal success on the Potomac. He afterward went to England and built a boat, which was tried on the Thames after his death, making a speed of four miles an hour. Several other efforts were made previous to 1807, the date of Fulton's first attempt. His merit, it is now said, was very little—he being nothing more than a good draughtsman. 2d. Try melted tallow on your boots. Rubbed well in it fills the pores of the leather and keeps out the water. 3d. That is the question yet to be decided. Prussia has, of late, evinced great military power, in her contests with other European nations. But she has not yet measured her strength with several of the first-class powers. Power, however, is not simply a question of present military strength. The present and prospective resources of a country are of more value than its military establishment, and in this respect our own country is second to none. 4th. We answered that question last week. 5th. We do not know of any such. Weems wrote a life of Marion. There is a Simms's History of South Carolina. 6th. The Kearsarge, Captain Winslow.

O. C., (Germantown, Ohio,) writes: "As I find so many interesting explanations on various topics in your valuable paper, I should like to submit several questions to you for consideration. 1st. Where can I get a paper, published in the interests of womens' rights? 2d. Why does salt, when thrown into the fire, extinguish a burning chimney? 3d. How would you dispose of *as* in the sentence, 'Liberty is theirs as men?'" 1st. The only paper published at present exclusively in the cause of "woman's rights," so far as we are aware, is the Woman's Journal of Boston. 2d. Salt is a compound substance, composed of Chlorine and Sodium. The effect of throwing it upon a fire may be to decompose it, or it may be carried in its compound state up the chimney. In either case it would interfere with the process of combustion. Chlorine, under certain conditions, is a supporter of combustion, but not probably under the condition mentioned. 3d. We do not know what you mean by disposing of it. We would dispose of it by letting it alone. The sentence is not in its best form; but the words, as arranged, express with sufficient plainness the idea intended to be conveyed. As to your 4th question, which we prefer not to give, if the Bible does not say so, what can we know about it? If the Bible does say so, you have better authority than our dictum for it.

JANE (Bleak House, Ill.), writes: "Will you tell me who, in Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women,' are the fair women? Of course, the 'Queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,' is Cleopatra; and the next, 'who died to save her father's vow,' is Jephtha's daughter. And was not she 'who clasped in her last trance her murdered father's head' that 'rare, pale Margaret,' the daughter of Sir Thomas More? We know who was 'that Rosamond, whom they called fair.' Now please tell me who are the two described from the 23d to the 26th verses. 'The daughter of the God-,' and she whose youth was blasted by a curse?" You are right in regard to the daughter of Sir Thomas More being the lady meant by the poet. At least we know of no other person to whom the description points, while it closely applies to her history. The "daughter of the Gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair," was that renowned Helen, who in times of old ran off with wandering Paris, from her husband and her native land, to Troy; thus causing the destruction of this ancient city by the Greeks. For further particulars read Homer's Iliad. The other charm her mentioned is, most probably, Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. The Grecian fleet, on its way to Troy, was detained by the offended Diana at Aulis. The soothsayer Calchas declared that it could be released only by the sacrifice of Iphigenia to Diana. This is the curse alluded to as brought by Helen upon the innocent maiden.

W. D., (Carrollton, W. Va.,) writes: "I wish to bother you with a few questions. 1st. If you were going to see a girl, and she loved some one better than she did you, what course would you take to win her love? 2d. If there were two, and you loved one as well as you did the other, which one would you take? 3d. Which is the most profitable to a man to marry for love or riches? 4th. Which will live the happiest life, one who loves, or one who marries for riches? 5th. Which of these habits is the worst, drinking, chewing tobacco, smoking, or swearing? 6th. What do they profit a man? 7th. Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible?" 1st. We would probably take no course to win her love, but let the other fellow have her. Or if we wanted her very badly we would try to make ourself agreeable to her. 2d. This is a very knotty case. It would be as good a plan as any to toss up a penny for both and take the one that came up heads oftenest. Or else wait and see if time would not incline our evenly balanced love to one side or the other. 3d. It would depend on what he needed most. To some, love would be the highest riches. Wealth has wings, they say, but, for that matter, so has love. 4th. It depends on the person. 5th. It is hard to decide between drinking liquor immoderately, and swearing. Both are bad enough. The excessive use of tobacco is perhaps a milder evil. 6th. We have never seen any great profit derived from them. 7th. Probably Zaccheus, who was so short that he had to climb a tree to see over the heads of his fellows—or some say, Nehimiah (Knee-high-miah.)

S. W. H.—We are very much obliged to you for the information you have given us. Will have the matter attended to.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

## RIDDLER.

*Charades, Riddles, Problems,* etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 31, 42, 7, is a character in Cricket on the Hearth.
My 35, 6, 28, 13, 21, is a character in Dombey and Son.
My 21, 8, 41, 23, 11, 8, 26, 44, 40, is a character in Pickwick papers.
My 32, 29, 19, 5, 14, 39, 30, is a character in one of the Waverley novels.
My 10, 3, 21, 36, 35, 1, is an ancient Queen.
My 15, 12, 23, 32, 33, 4, 43, 22, 34 31, is a character in Dickens's last novel.
My 2, 24, 27, 18, 38, is a character in the Iliad.
My 20, 42, 23, 11, 5, 6, is a character in one of Scott's novels.
My whole is a poetical quotation.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. No real news.
2. Lose scar.
3. To score man.
4. Old thumb.
5. Over in mill.
6. Lady Febi.
7. Was not nigh.
8. Stew in pot.
9. Dine, Moses.
10. Over Cuvan.
11. Rue Acsilé.
12. C, I O U sixty!

*Fort Totten, D. T.* GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

To explain, to unfold.
A constellation.
A bound, a border.
Sound uttered by the mouth.
To go or come in.

II.

A bivalve shell-fish.
A musical instrument.
Weapons.
Network.

III.

An isthmus.
A flower.
A country.
A river.

*Seaboard, N. C.* EUGENE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* refers to something to eat,
My *second* to something to drink;
My *whole* is a word you often repeat,
When parting with friends, I think.

*Fort Totten, D. T.* GAHMEW.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men carry a hog, weighing two hundred pounds, upon a pole, the ends resting upon their shoulders; how much will each sustain if the pole be six feet long, and the hog hangs six inches from the middle of the pole?

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—One good turn deserves another.

ANAGRAMS—1. Clarksville. 2. St. Cloud. 3. East Saginaw. 4. Pembina. 5. Springfield. 6. Olympia. 7. Tallahassee. 8. Lincoln. 9. Alexandria. 10. Detroit. 11. Boonville. 12. Central.

BURIED CITIES—1. Venice. 2. Paris. 3. Milan. 4. Berlin. 5. Rome. 6. Denver. 7. Cairo. 8. London. 9. Pekin. 10. Berne. 11. Dublin. 12. Teheran. 13. Rouen. 14. Naples. 15. Calcutta.

WORD SQUARE—

CASTLE
ALTHEA
STRESS
THEIST
LESSEE
EASTER

PROBLEM—36.05 feet.

## RECEIPTS.

PREMIUM BACON.—Mrs. Betsey Lenoir's method of curing bacon sides:—Salt well with good salt, with three spoonfuls of pounded red pepper, to half a bushel of salt. After lying in salt five or six weeks, hang up and smoke well with green hickory wood. Keep them hanging in a tall, close smoke-house till used.

Mrs. Betsey Lenoir's method of curing bacon hams:—Salt well with good salt, containing three spoonfuls of pounded red pepper, to a half bushel of salt; pour about three spoonfuls of molasses or sugar on the flesh part of the ham. After laying in salt five or six weeks, hang and smoke well with green hickory wood. When well smoked and dried, put each ham in a sack; whitewash the sack with lime and water, and hang them again till wanted.

BEEFSTEAKS, ROLLED AND ROASTED.—Cut steaks from the rump; make stuffing of equal parts of ham and veal, well peppered; stew it for a short time, and pound it in a mortar with bread steeped in milk, a lump of butter, and the yelks of two or three eggs; spread this force-meat over the steaks; roll them up and tie them tightly, and roast in a hot oven for an hour and twenty minutes or an hour and a half. Baste well with butter, and serve with brown gravy.

TO MAKE COFFEE.—For four cups of nicely flavored coffee, put two tablespoonfuls of the ground berries into your coffee-pot, and moisten with cold water. Pour on this as much hot water as you desire in bulk of coffee. Removing the lid of the boiling tea-kettle is on the fire, immediately place your coffee-pot upon the open vessel. In twenty minutes you can have a delicious cup of coffee, clear as amber, in which you have the full strength of the berry, without the bitterness sometimes developed by boiling. It is well worth trying.

EARACHE.—I take a piece of salt pork, say an inch or more long and half an inch square; cut down one end to fit the ear and insert it, taking care to have the piece too large to slip in. I use it with my family and always find it gives almost instant relief. Tie a handkerchief to keep it in place, if the child will allow it. I also use pork for sore throat, croup and lung colds. Cut slices half an inch thick, dip in warm water, sprinkle on a little pepper, and sew on flannel.

N. B. W.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Four ounces of alum in a quart of hot water form a convenient and effectual remedy for burns. A cotton cloth is dipped in this solution and placed on the burn and renewed every few minutes, or as soon as the cloth dries. The astringent qualities of the alum will prevent the formation of blisters, and has relieved the burns of boiling water, phosphorus, drops of melted metal, gunpowder, etc., which are said to be the most severe.